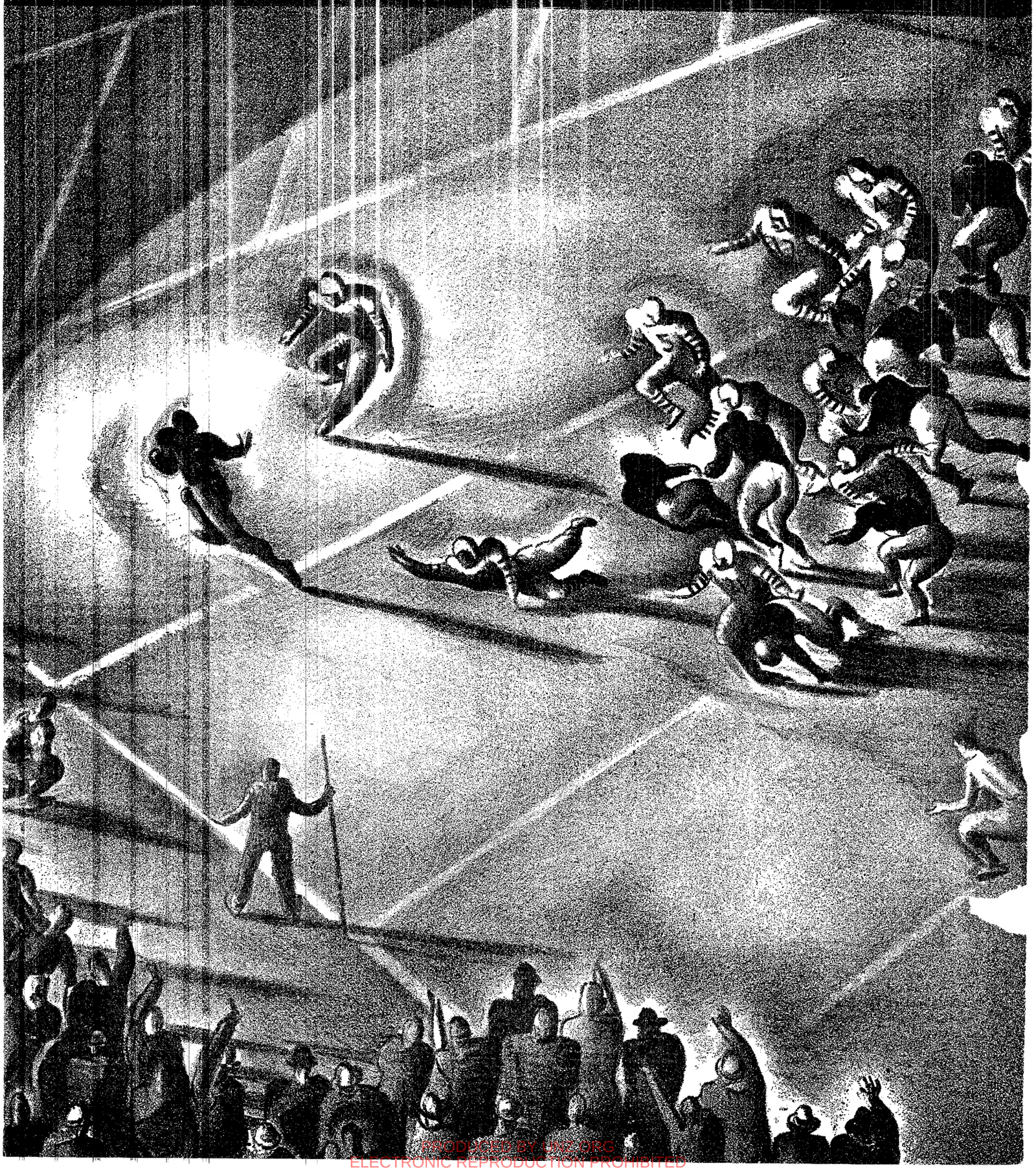
RNST TOLLER ROBERT FORSYTHE JOSHUA KUNITZ

NEW MASSES

OCTOBER 27, 1936 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY



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MR. HILL BLACKETT,
Director Public [illegible],
Republican National [illegible],
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Blackett:

What a pleasant surprise was for us to get a letter from you on the stationery of the Republican National Committee, with John Hamilton's name at the top and everything. And how good it was to be assured that no matter how much we plug for Browder, you and Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Landon know where our hearts really are.

But was it discreet, Mr. Blackett, to be so open about it all? What if Mr. Farley should hear you say to the NEW MASSES: "Knowing that you are in favor of electing Landon and Knox, we are sure you will be interested in helping us to make this possible." Here Mr. Hamilton has been going about the country telling everybody that we Reds are supporting Roosevelt, and you go and spill the beans about "us." It might lead to a whispering campaign that Landon is just a front for you guys and when you say "Defeat Roosevelt at all costs" you really mean "Vote Browder."

Thanks a lot for all the interesting dope about the radio programs. Of course we listen in. Imagine telling us that "The William Hard hour is one of the most unusual departures from orthodox campaigning ever attempted." That's what we always thought and we'll bet it's not the only departure you've got up your sleeves, you old unorthodox campaigners you.

We're awfully glad that Emily Post speaks well of the Landon Radio Clubs, because Emily Post has always been an idol of ours. She goes over big with NEW MASSES readers.

We particularly like the part of your letter that begins "Now, here's what you can do." We wish we had said that, Blackett — Now here's what you can do.

But when you go on to explain, you get a little hazy. "Listen to either or both of these programs," you say, "and then call at least five of your friends. Tell them about it and ask them to do the same." O. K. That's just what we do. But then you say, "In this way an endless chain of telephone calls will be started and will help to build a tremendous audience for these two important programs." We get the part about the telephone calls, but about the audience—well maybe we're not telling them the right things.

Don't look now, Mr. Blackett, but there's an elephant standing over you and he's got a wild look in his eye.

Yours for Browder,
The NEW MASSES.

Who's Who

ERNST TOLLER, German playwright who wrote *Man and the Masses* and other works which the Nazis burned, has just arrived in this country and will speak on "Hitler—the promise and the reality" at Mecca Temple, N. Y., Friday evening, October 30.

Betty Millard is on the staff of the Labor Research Association and has contributed to our pages on previous occasions.

H. L. Stone is the Hearst newspaperman who wrote "Devil's Dictionary à la Hearst" in one of our last summer's issues.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

Gil Green returned last week from a trip through Spain with five other Americans, who constituted a delegation from a number of American youth organizations which had been represented at the recent Geneva World Youth Congress. Mr. Green was the representative of the Young Communist League, of which he is national secretary.

Robert Morss Lovett needs no introduction to any progressive audience. His last contribution to the NEW MASSES was a review of the anthology *Proletarian Literature in America.*

John Darrell has contributed frequently to the NEW MASSES on economics and the other social sciences.

Katherine Ellis is a short-story writer who has reviewed for us before.

Osmond K. Fraenkel is the editor of *The Curse of Bigness: Miscellaneous Papers of Justice Brandeis,* and of *The Sacco-Vanzetti Case.* He is a member of the Board of Directors of the American Civil Liberties Union.

This week's cover is from a lithograph by Benton Spruance, who has found football as worthy a subject for art as the late George Bellows (whose name is closely associated with the early days of this magazine) found prize-fighting to be.

What's What

REMEMBER the Town Hall meeting of the Committee of Professional Groups for Browder and Ford and how there were no tickets left for hundreds? Take warning and make sure of your tickets for the banquet October

28 at the Hotel Edison in N. Y. Earl Browder, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Waldo Frank, and entertainment will make it worth while. See ad page 26.

The NEW MASSES clerical staff are members of the Bookkeepers, Stenographers, and Accountants Union, and they have been [illegible] up lately over a [illegible] ducting. In fact, they arranged for a delegation to come up to the office last week-end to tell their story. About 100 employees — virtually all the regular staff—of the Globe Mail Service have struck for the following demands: $16 a week *minimum* for all employed two years or less; $18 for those employed from two to five years; $19 for those employed for more than five years; $25 a week for department heads; union recognition, and the closed shop. How much of an advance these modest demands would be over present pay scales can be seen from the fact that at present department heads earn from $14 to $18 weekly, while the others are paid from $6 to $11, with the average around $10. John Mollica, leader of the shop committee which, with union officers Baron, Bright, and Nathan, presented the demands, was fired. The picket lines have been holding solid for the three weeks the strike has been in progress. A thug hired to intimidate pickets finally had to call a cop to collect his own pay from Charles E. Whitehouse, head of the firm. The concern also has a non-union print shop (Allied Printing Trades, get busy!) where wages range from $12 to $18 weekly. Much help has come to the strikers from the Cafeteria Workers, Furriers, and Bakery and Confectionery Workers Unions. Perhaps the *Catholic Worker* will step into the situation to put pressure on the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the Monastery of the Precious Blood, and the Catholic Medical Missions to see to it that they withdraw the huge volume of business they give this firm—withdraw it, at least, until the strike is settled favorably to the strikers.

Editor Joseph Freeman is scheduled to be one of the grand jurors at the public "trial" of Hearst at the Hippodrome, N. Y., Thursday evening, October 22.

The Friends of the NEW MASSES have organized a class in political and economic questions to be conducted by a thorough Marxist scholar. Enrolments are now being accepted at a charge of $3 for 10 weekly sessions. Address the NEW MASSES.

Flashbacks

SEVEN long years have passed since the day of the Great Crash (1929) when prosperity took up its historic position around the corner. In their boom daze, crystal-gazing economists

and Republican boom bogglers still scoffed at the Comintern's 1928 prophecy of "renewed disturbance of capitalist stabilization and extreme aggravation of the general crisis of capitalism." . . . Sixteen years ago (Oct. 25, 1920) Terence MacSwiney, Sinn Feiner and Lord Mayor of Cork, died in Brexton Prison, London, after a seventy-four-day hunger strike in protest against his conviction on charges growing out of his fight for Irish freedom. . . . This week in 1905 the first great general strike of all trades in Russia was in full swing, leading up to that year's dress rehearsal of the Revolution.

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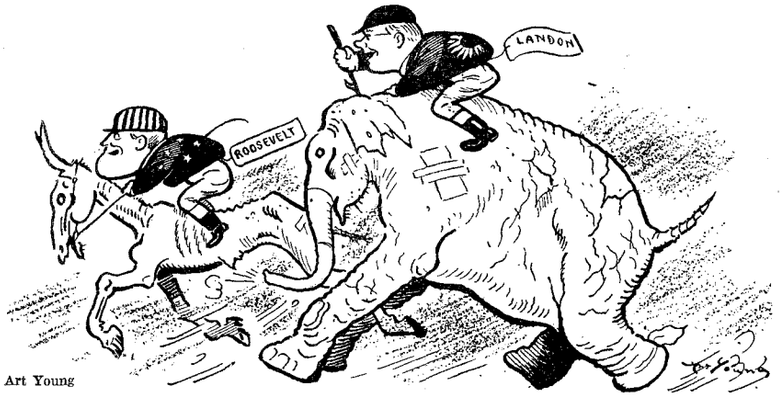

Art Young

Issues False and True

The significance of a sick economy for the campaign is that of a fork in history's road

By Joseph Freeman

WE are now entering the eighth year of the greatest economic upheaval in our history. During these years, the Republican administration headed by Herbert Hoover and the Democratic administration headed by Franklin D. Roosevelt each had an opportunity to remedy the effects of the catastrophe. The collapse of prosperity under Hoover destroyed for millions of us what used to be considered the "American standard of living"; the New Deal under Roosevelt has failed to restore and protect that standard. Three years after the Roosevelt "revolution," more than 14,000,000 men and women, able and anxious to work, are without employment. For the majority of these there is no hope of employment. Every social group which lives by its own labor, and not by exploiting the labor of others, has felt the effects of the crisis and of the failure to solve it. Many of our farmers are being converted into pauperized peasants. The income of the workers has been drastically reduced. Millions of young Americans have never known the meaning of work at all; millions of them face a future without hope or prospect.

The discontent arising from this situation is the key to the present election campaign. There are, of course, attempts to divert and deceive the American people with bogus issues. The Red scare is raised; fantastic tales are invented out of whole cloth. And in this election-madness of the tories there is method. They raise false issues in order to obscure the true ones. They know that once the American people have grasped the real issues of this campaign in their full significance, they will drive the reaction to ignominious defeat. The tories say, let us not be like Europe; but they actively support Hitler against the German people, Mussolini against the Italian people, Franco against the Spanish people. For they know, as we know, that today the world is indivisible, that the major social trends in Europe are also the major social trends in America. They know, as we know, that at this moment the world is torn between two main directions of development. The capitalist crisis is acute everywhere; the capitalist system is in decay everywhere. And around this central fact of contemporary history two sets of forces confront each other in conflict. There are those forces which seek to maintain the rights and living standards of the masses and world peace in the midst of the capitalist decline. Opposed to these are the forces of fascism which seek to destroy popular rights, to compel the masses to bear the full burden of the crisis, to initiate a new world war.

Abroad the conflict between these two opposing camps is clear enough. A dark and sanguinary reaction prevails in Germany, taking its toll among intellectuals as well as among workers. In Italy the hands of Mussolini are red with the blood of his own people as well as that of the Ethiopians. In the Far East, Japan's reactionary military regime tramples upon the Japanese people as ruthlessly as upon its Chinese victims. Fascism is the last desperate effort of monopoly capital to save itself; it is everywhere characterized by a decaying economy, by the merciless reduction of living standards, by the suppression of civil liberties, by the feverish preparations for new wars.

Of utmost significance for intellectuals is the strangulation of culture under fascism. Even where fascism does not exist, the capitalist system tends to limit the practice of the service professions, to reduce education, to debase science. This program has two aspects. In the first place, it represents an attack on the living standards of the workers; in the second, it implies a reduction in the number of professional workers. It proletarianizes professionals and closes the opportunities for entering the professions. Here we see in its clearest form the bond which unites the professional with the worker. The minimum living standard of a worker in an advanced country like the United States is determined, over any but the shortest periods, by his cultural level. His needs are not mere animal needs; they include social needs, which are the result of education and training. Therefore, when big business attacks the living standard of the worker it does so not only by cutting wages but also by assaulting culture. The reason for this is obvious enough. The capitalists want the new generation of workers, who, as a result of the crisis, come into straitened circumstances as their ordinary mode of life, to regard these circumstances not as a temporary emergency but something "normal." For this purpose, the workers must have the most modest desires, the lowest cultural needs. Hence big business reduces education, attacks the social services, corrupts the press and the arts. In the attempt to prevent the workers from rebelling against their misery, capitalism of necessity attacks the professions.

This is most noticeable under fascism, where big business drops all pretenses and exerts its sway with naked brutality. In Germany this has been particularly striking. There the high cultural level of the people was once the marvel of the world. Today the Nazis have made Germany a synonym for barbarism;

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they have burned books, driven leading scholars and professionals into exile, deliberately cut enrollment in the high schools down to one-third, and militarized the whole of education.

The whole purpose of the propaganda issued by the American admirers and imitators of foreign fascism is to camouflage with prejudicial *phrases* the *essential* fact. That fact is this: the most reactionary wing of capitalism seeks to guarantee its super-profits by force, fraud, and barbarism. Nothing should alarm the American people more than the adulation by Hearst and the men he represents of tyrants like Hitler and Mussolini. That adulation is not platonic. It indicates that in this country, too, capitalism has its fascist wing, anxious to clamp Nazi methods upon this republic.

Why do the Hearsts couple their applause for Hitler with attacks upon the Soviet Union? These tories know, as we know, that just as the forces of reaction everywhere look to Germany, so the forces of progress everywhere look to the Soviet Union. We must understand those very economic facts which the reaction seeks to conceal. Capitalism is everywhere in decay; socialism has brought unprecedented prosperity to the Soviet Union. Is it not natural, then, for fascists everywhere to sit at the feet of Hitler and Mussolini, who have tried to *organize* capitalist decay? Is it not equally natural for progressive men and women everywhere to join hands with the Soviet Union, the country of socialist prosperity, the opposite of fascism? Is it not natural for countries menaced by war to enter into a security pact with the first socialist republic, the citadel of world peace? Is it not natural for the small nations of Europe to see in the peace policy of the Soviet Union a protection for their own threatened peace?

In Europe today the armies of progress and reaction face each other openly. Every intelligent American knows this, and watches the movement of events anxiously. That is why the reaction here makes Europe an issue in the election campaign; that is why it pretends that *communism* is the issue which confronts us at this moment. But when we examine the facts closely we see that communism is not the issue. The fascists and warmongers everywhere direct their organized bestiality not against the Communists alone. Hitler and Mussolini have given the world a terrible object lesson in the aims and methods of reactionary capital. They have murdered, imprisoned, and exiled not only Communists and Socialists, but also liberals, pacifists, trade unionists, intellectuals. Under the pretext of fighting communism, they have destroyed democracy.

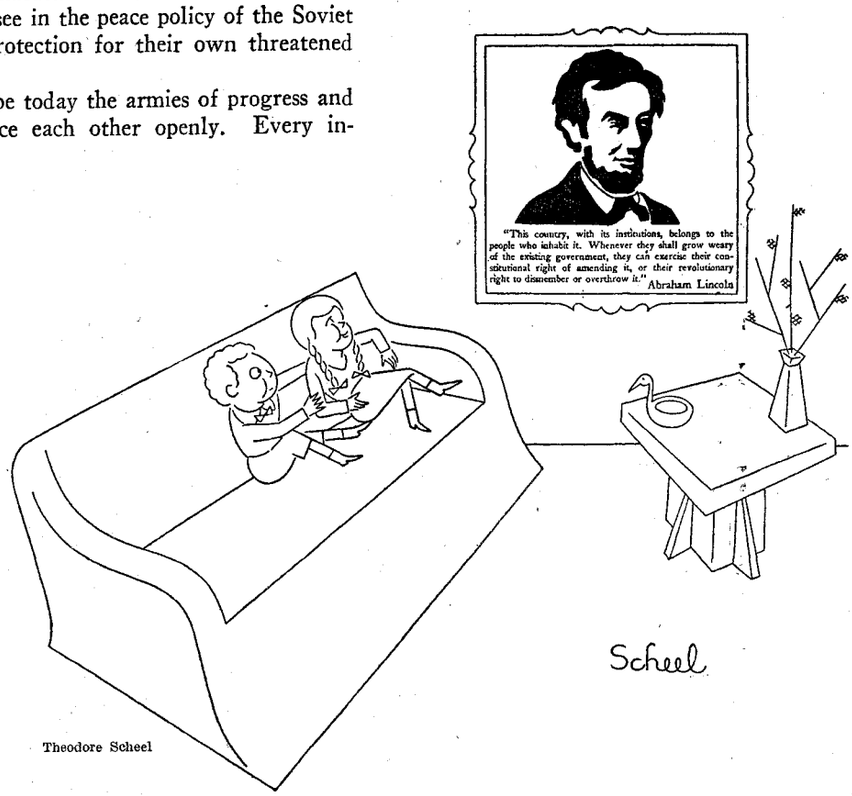
France and Spain, on the other hand, have given the world a striking object lesson in the opposite direction. There the liberals, pacifists, trade unionists, and intellectuals have joined hands with the Communists and Socialists for the preservation and extension of democracy. They have realized under the impact of frightful events, that before we can consider the reorganization of society along more humane and civilized lines than capitalism can offer today fascism must be destroyed.

THIS IS obvious so long as we keep in mind that the economic crisis remains unsolved. Fascism everywhere has its roots in that crisis. In America, as in Europe, there are two chief and opposite directions of possible development. One tendency emanates from the most reactionary circles of finance capital, from Wall Street. Its direction is toward fascism and war. Unwilling to grant the slightest concession to the majority of the American people in this hour of continued economic distress, these reactionaries would like to meet the crisis by a violent assault upon the rights and interests of the people. They want to restore the capitalist profits of the boom days by cutting wages, speeding up the workers, checking the growth of trade unions, subverting them, and eventually wiping them out. They want to eliminate the poor farmers from agriculture and to transform them into propertyless workers. They want to wipe out social and labor legislation; to "balance the budget" by destroying unemployment relief, cutting the taxes of the rich, and placing the burden of taxation upon the poor by means of the sales tax, etc. They want to curtail and eventually to destroy democratic liberties and civil rights. They are already tacitly supporting the storm troops of the reaction-organized groups like the Black Legion. They want to seize control of the entire governmental machinery so that they may move toward a complete fascist regime in an "American" and "constitutional" manner.

The other chief direction of possible development has an opposite set of fundamental aims. It seeks to restore and raise the living standards of the masses by higher wages, shorter hours, lower prices. It seeks to extend the trade unions to the basic industries and to all workers through a militant industrial trade unionism. It seeks to secure the farmers in possession of their farms with government aid and guarantees of a minimum standard of life. It seeks to consolidate and extend social and labor legislation, with guarantees of a minimum standard of life for all, financing this with sharply graduated taxes on incomes, property, and accumulated surpluses, while abolishing all sales taxes. It seeks to curb the usurped power of the Supreme Court; to maintain and extend democratic rights and civil liberties; to disperse reactionary bands like the Black Legion; to abolish the use of legal machinery for suppressing the people's movements; to extend popular control over government. It seeks to restore control of the government to the representatives of the people's organizations through a broad people's front. It seeks, also, to unite with the peace forces of the entire world for the purpose of restraining the war-makers; it wants to keep America out of war by keeping war out of the world.

These are the main issues confronting the American people in the 1936 election campaign; and the object of the tories' Red-baiting campaign is to obscure these issues. Every progressive man and woman in America must keep them in mind, for it is these issues, properly understood, which should guide his actions in this campaign.

(In a second article next week, Mr. Freeman will discuss the relationship of the Communist and Socialist Party campaigns to the issues raised in the above discussion.)


"This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it." Abraham Lincoln
Scheel

Theodore Scheel

"Even if Landon said that, my old man wouldn't like it."

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We Are Plowmen

A famous German playwright, now in this country, tells why he feels that the place of the writer today is in the ranks of the anti-fascist front

By Ernst Toller

PEOPLE coming from the Continent to England note the strange fact that, though this island is separated from the Continent only by a narrow channel, the spiritual distance is indeed an invisible Atlantic. While Europe is struggling with social and spiritual problems, this country seems to live in a state of almost undisturbed calm. Going through the streets of London, reading the papers, visiting the overcrowded theatres and cinemas, speaking with the man in the street, one gets the impression that the problems of our time have not yet become problems for the English.

But this is only on the surface. Looking deeper, one finds a great number of people seized by a kind of restlessness that is especially evident in the young writers whose *status animi* I should like to express with the words: they are marking time.

The great ideals of mankind were misused and became political playpennies in the hands of the ruling powers. They lost their value when the play was over.

The dictators, too, enemies of freedom and justice, of truth and peace, made use of those words, falsified their meaning, confused simple minds. Disgusted by this spiritual dishonesty and not knowing where to turn, many young writers preferred to "mark time." Others again sought refuge in sectarian groups and looked there for a drug; as the world frightened them they mail-clad their fear with dogmas.

Very few are knowing or brave enough to resist the chaos of our time. Few know the way that leads to a new mankind. Man in his individual existence as a spiritual and self-responsible being is threatened. Only he who is strong, only he who has a clear knowledge of society and her possibilities is immune.

Simple-minded Marxist doctrinaires forgot the dialectic, reciprocal effect between economic forces and the will-power of man; contrary to Marx they underestimated the important effect of the word. The intellect became something doubtful: in order to lower a man one said of him, "He is an 'intellectual.'"

The word is full of life like a tree. It roots deep in the centuries and is laden with emotional values, with the dreams and hopes, with the curses and the hatred of mankind. He who finds the right word in the right moment raises its value in a hardly conceivable degree. But the word does not serve two masters at the same time. Dangerous is the far-spread belief that one knocks the weapon out of the enemy's hand if one takes over his words; dangerous, indeed, because words have a strange life of their own. They are bound to traditions and classes, create certain reflexes and reactions, their old contents are laden with a kind of concrete force which does not alter its direction, if one tries to substitute cunningly new contents.

When in Germany the Left started to take over the nationalistic slogans of the adversaries, those slogans did not lose anything of their disastrous effect; often they became the bridge on which our followers went over to the enemy.

In order to get a clear picture of the material and spiritual reality, one must have the courage to grip the sense of things in their being and their growing. He who only sees the symptoms cannot master them and because he cannot master them, he is driven to overlook them.

THE OTHER DAY I had the honor to preside over a discussion in which four English writers spoke on the tasks of literature. One speaker turned against that literature that pictures the misery of men, expresses their social problems. She gave praise to those authors who dwelt on the beauty of nature. Only that writer,

Morton Goldsholl

"Cannon are more important than butter."

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she said, can today speak to the oppressed man, who roots deep in the earth and receives his strength from the soil. But on earth there are not only trees, flowers, grass. On earth grow men with their problems and their needs and their despair. When last year I came into the Rhondda Valley in South Wales, where thousands had been jobless for years, I asked a little boy: "What would you like best?" And the child answered: "I only wished I could just once eat up a whole penny onion pie by myself."

That writer should have looked into the eyes of this child.

NO, NOBODY can escape the struggle of the present, especially in a time when fascism has made the theory of the totalitarian state an iron law. The dictator asks of the writer to be the obedient megaphone of ruling opinion. This demand of the dictators has, however, one good side: it leads us back to our own true self, it makes us estimate values anew which, because often misused, have been underestimated by us. Only he who has lost freedom is able to value it truly. Freedom and self-responsibility make the dignity of the individual.

We Marxists are often accused of wanting to suppress the individual. But the contrary is true. In this society only a few people can become individuals. The individual exists as little today as the nation exists. Only when the nation in all her citizens can freely develop, will her true life begin. Only when the great national works of culture become a common possession, will her mission be fulfilled.

We won't be troubled by the madness of nationalism. It is nothing but the death-rattle of a dying order. Nationalism dies and the nations awake. With them that individualism awakes that receives its strength from society and gives its strength to society. Our internationalism is the harmony of individuals, peoples, and nations who have been freed to turn to the great tasks which make life worth living.

Let us work incessantly, let us not be confused by the criticisms of the adversaries who say that our works are not "beautiful." *Ego sumus Arcadia*—we too love beauty, the blue seas and the vast horizons, the stars and the tides. But as long as society is shaken by tragedies which are unnecessary (because they are brought about by an unjust social system) we will not cease to denounce the senselessness of such tragedies.

We do not love politics for its own sake. We take part in the political life of today, but we believe that not the least important meaning of our fights is to free a future mankind from the shallow fight of interests which today is called "politics." We know the limits of our work. We are plowmen and we do not know whether we will be harvesters. But we have learned that "fate" is nothing but an evasion. *We* ourselves create fate. We want to be true and courageous and human.

★ ★ ★

Three Years

I met her when she was twelve, red hair around
The sunwhipped, broadnosed, earthly little face.
She could knuckle marbles like a boy,
Skin up trees, do flipflops, send a jackknife
Spinning twice, blade sticking
Deep in the ground, but when she studied
She was rueful, needed scolding sometimes.
One thirtieth of fifteen,
The source of the river Yangtze
Made her legs and arms
Feel coerced, feel useless to themselves,
And yet the pride, the fear of being called dumb
Intervened and sullenly she grasped
Her stubby pencil—that was in September.
No longer sick, I left her father's farm
On the outskirts of a village
In Connecticut, the cupshaped hills
Dipping in brooks, the hickories, wild grapevines
Holding the peace that men have never won
Without prostration. Two years lumbered,
Years of turmoil, stairway climbing,
Love protecting minutes
Between the hammering of picket lines.
Sick again, I came back to the hills,
The innocence of water under trees,
The drowse of birdcries so unlike
Injustice clanging down blunt streets,
And she was there and she had subtly changed.
The longer dress, recurring flick of shy poise
Might have been expected, but her face
Was troubled in the eyes
Above the smiles too desperate.
And when she thought that she was not
Observed, sometimes she had
Not quite a sneer but dim and girl-like contempt.
For what? I did not know. Her father said:
"I'll let the apples rot upon the trees,
Pick just enough for eating through the snow.
Why Christ, the price this year would hardly cover
The insect-spray and half the cost of barreling.
The corn was roasted, no rain all of August.
Why Christ"—I lost the checker-game, abstracted,
Looked through the window of a Sunday noon.
The last blackberries, asters and a squirrel
Frisking through the hem of yellow leaves,
This background was eternal, framed—for what?
Only retreat, the sleep of impotence?
She came into the room then. I remember
She had a pail of grapes, she looked
Dull-lipped, scratched by climbing, almost
Cross, few words for answers.

. . . . . .

It must have been another year or more,
Another mellow-rankling autumn tacked
Upon the hills—I turned the road,
Passed through the lane of elderberry bushes,
Knocked on the farmhouse door.
A tired sincere welcome from the father,
But on his face, gray under brown
A tension so profound
It made me wonder—we took chairs.
"Where's Sarah?" One clubbed hand
Rose to his chin, the chin drawn down to meet it.
He did not speak but in slow jerks
Reached his feet, walked to a cabinet,
Withdrew a piece of paper, stumbled back
To give it to me, and I read:
"Dear father, dear, I'm going to end my life
Because the bank-man's closing on the farm
And I don't want to live to see you
Running trolley cars again
In Davenport, when you worked so darn hard
To keep a place where we could feel the sky
And take our green and red things from the earth,
And I can't finish high school, start to raise
Horses like I want, and I don't care
To live to see you trudging back"—the paper
Slipped to the knotted floorboards. Our eyes met.
I knew. He did not need to tell me
The conscious rhythm, space of his awakening
Fused with the words that I had poured on him
Year after year, till now, to no avail.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM.

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Spain at Gettysburg

Returning from the front to America, the author sees the civil war at a critical stage, and calls for arms for the government

By Gil Green

IT would be the height of wishful thinking to deny the gravity of the present danger confronting the Madrid government. Madrid is surrounded on three sides. Only the most heroic sacrifices have thus far kept the fascists from completing the circle. And yet, despite this situation, it would in our opinion be just as wrong to fall prey to the exaggerated boasts of Franco; to believe that the war is drawing to a rapid conclusion, and that the defeat of the republican forces is inevitable.

The Spanish Civil War will continue for many months. Even if the fascists succeed in completely surrounding Madrid and maintaining a siege, this still does not mean all is lost. It does not even mean that Madrid must fall, as it is no simple matter to take an armed fortified city of the size and population of Madrid. It is extremely important to bear this in mind, because with the passing of every week the anti-fascist forces become stronger, the fascist weaker. The time element is working in favor of the Spanish people and their government.

In order to make this clear it is necessary to deal with certain factors that are usually not taken into consideration by those who watch the progress of the civil war—factors which may yet become the determining ones.

First, it must be remembered that when the military clique started its putsch on July 17, this action was not a result of snap judgment. It was a culmination of some two years of preparation. Arms had been stored at safe places; fortifications had been built at strategic points; agreements with foreign powers were made in advance; and the leading personnel in the army was shifted in accordance with a preconceived plan. As a result of this, the vast bulk of the army, as well as most of the ammunition and arms, went to the fascist adventurers.

Thus the government had only a few experienced troops with which to defend itself. It had to depend on the inexperienced masses —and primarily the workers—to stop the fascists. To what extent this has been true is too little known in this country. A few weeks ago, while in Spain, I spent one day at the Somosierra front in the Guadarrama Mountains, where I held a discussion with General Galan, in charge of that front. He said that in the first few weeks of fighting, when Mola and his troops were breaking through the mountain passes, the workers of Madrid, most of them without arms, poured into the passes and corked them up with their own bodies. The first barricades from which the people fought were barricades of human bodies.

With the passing of the weeks of civil war, the government has slowly but surely been hammering into shape its own armed forces. These are still inexperienced and poorly armed, yet more disciplined and better trained than they were a month ago. Nor was the creation of a new people's army an easy task. Certain internal dissensions confronted the anti-fascist forces when they tried to accomplish this. Many Anarchist leaders and their followers fought against the creation of a disciplined army with a unified command. This lack of a unified command more than any other reason explained the weakness of the government when it came to military strategy and the necessity to utilize completely all the resources of the nation for one single plan of defense.

This is being changed, however. In the fire of civil war, the masses are fast learning the need for discipline and unity. Only a few days ago the popular militia was turned into a real people's army: discipline was instituted, the death penalty for desertion and disobedience decreed, and a unified centralized command established.

A second factor of no small importance is the question of the rear. The government has in its hand those sections of the country that are most highly developed industrially. The first exigencies of civil war forced large sections of workers to leave their shops, mines, or factories for the battlefields. Furthermore, many of the owners of the largest plants attempted to sabotage production and in this manner hindered the defense of the Republic. Later, when these industries were taken over by the government, another problem arose; the workers' committees could not learn overnight how to operate them properly.

Only when the Caballero cabinet came into office did the government start giving real attention to the rear with the result that this problem is gradually being solved. Its final solution will go a long way in helping to overcome the general arms shortage.

If the above are factors aiding the govern-

"We'll teach 'em to say we use bullets, not ballots!"

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ment forces, what does time have in store for the fascists? First, they have little or no mass base among the Spanish people. The Spanish masses, having tasted the bitter fruit of fascism before, refuse to bite again. This holds not alone for the workers, but for the broad masses of peasantry and middle classes. That is why Franco dare not and cannot create an army of Spaniards. At the moment his army is made up nearly in its entirety of Moroccans and Foreign Legionnaires. Thus the war in Spain assumes more and more the character of a foreign invasion: foreign troops financed, armed, and equipped by Italian and German fascism.

But if the Moroccan troops have to date been Franco's greatest single asset, they can easily become his greatest liability. The very use of Moorish troops helps to unify the masses of Spanish people against the invaders. Furthermore, these Moroccans are not accustomed to a cold climate, and in the coming weeks will not have a pleasant time of it on the mountain ranges surrounding Madrid. Last but not least, it must be remembered that the fascist forces, although highly trained, are relatively small, and that Franco has nearly exhausted his supply of reliable mercenary troops in Morocco. Once he is forced to use other than trained mercenary troops, his bullets and bayonets may find other targets than those for which they were intended.

This internal problem is one of the factors which spurs Franco in his attempt to take Madrid at all costs and in the shortest possible time. The second factor is the situation on the other fronts. These are none too good for him.

In the Guadarrama Mountains the fighting has reached a stalemate. At the same time the battle for Oviedo is raging back and forth. When the last fascist nests are destroyed in Oviedo, the entire Asturian province will be in the hands of the government. This will enable the Asturian miners, the best fighters in all of Spain, to turn southward. Presently these excellent fighters can be pressing Mola's rear, forcing him to fight on two fronts.

On the Saragossa-Huesca front the fighting has also resulted in a stalemate which has lasted for weeks. The fascists, while holding Saragossa and Huesca, are decidedly on the defensive, and it is only a matter of time before the anti-fascist forces of Barcelona and Catalonia break through.

The province of Valencia has just started to build a conscript army. A large armed force moving from this direction towards Madrid can also force Franco to fight on two fronts, and in this manner make it possible for the Madrid defenders to find his most vulnerable points for attack.

That is why Franco, out of sheer desperation, must take Madrid and must take it rapidly, if he is to win the war. The longer Madrid holds out, the more desperate will his position become and the more difficult will it be for him to maintain his long line of communications which already extends some two hundred miles south. Cut off from his base of supplies by guerrilla bands, his plight would certainly not be enviable.

SPAIN FACES ITS GETTYSBURG. If the masses of the world come to its defense with every form of material aid, the Spanish toilers will win their victory over fascism. The question before every class-conscious worker and intellectual, before every lover of liberty and freedom, is to come to the aid of the Spanish people. They need arms, medical supplies, food, and clothing. They need these desperately. We saw boys and girls fighting in the bitter cold of the Guadarrama Mountains wearing rope sandals as shoes and only light overalls to cover their bodies.

A mass movement must be created to permit the shipment of arms to the Spanish government. As the elected government of the Spanish people, as the recognized government of Spain, there is no reason why the Washington administration should deny it the right to trade freely with the United States.

The outcome of the Spanish struggle depends greatly upon the masses of the world and especially upon those of us who live in democratic countries such as the United States. The Spanish people need our help. To defend Spanish democracy is to defend the interests of the toilers of the world, is to give a decisive blow to world fascism.

We must not fail!

"It's a tough road, doggie."

Maurice Becker

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NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THIS ROOM

Covering the News

Covering the events of the week ending October 19

PINT of headlines, ballyhoo, and newsprint consumed, the election ...ign continued to hog the American spotlight. The Middle West, strategically th... major battleground of the presidential fight, felt the full force of concentrated, if somewhat stale, oratory. Stopping for countless talks from the platform of his train and delivering major addresses at Kansas City, Chicago, Cleveland, and Detroit, Roosevelt repeated his contention that the New Deal saved the day for capitalism, called on automobile manufacturers to increase their workers' earnings, and accused Wall Street of spending stockholders' money for anti-New Deal propaganda. It was generally conceded that what the President said was less important than his personal appearance in the doubtful states, and the unmistakable enthusiasm which he met on all sides seemed to indicate that this 5000-mile tour would clinch his re-election.

Through much the same country went Governor Landon. At Grand Rapids the Kansan promised again not to cut relief but only to "remove it from politics." To a Detroit crowd he urged repeal of all the "autocratic" powers assumed by Roosevelt and, extolling private enterprise in contrast to government aid, pointed to the automobile industry as having "returned thousands to work—real work at real wages." Average annual wage in the automobile industry, pointed out the Communist *Daily Worker,* is $900. At Toledo the Republican candidate lauded Gompers, whose wisdom, he said, "kept organized labor from the great temptation to participate in party politics."

SUPPORT for Landon grew steadily more dubious in character. Herbert Hoover, who many Republican leaders felt could best help by keeping quiet, came forth to accuse the administration of "juggling" its books in a manner that would mean jail to the officers of a private corporation. Hoover ridiculed Roosevelt's picture of a country on the brink of a social upheaval in 1932, but even as he spoke Senator Byrnes of South Carolina was making public a plea that Hoover had made in that year to exempt the armed forces of the country from a cut in pay. "He feared disorder," explained Byrnes, "and did not want to be forced to rely on an army and navy whose enlisted personnel were disgruntled because of decreased compensation."

Republican Chairman Hamilton went to the absurd length of dragging Stalin into the campaign with a charge that the Soviet leader had "ordered his following in the United States to back Roosevelt." While proof of this absurdity was obviously impossible, an unimpeachable proof of Nazi support for Landon came in the form of a statement by Fritz Kuhn, leader of the German-American Bund, which as successor to the Friends of New Germany is the authentic Nazi organization in America. Suspecting a "tendency of the present Democratic regime toward the left" might "lead through a sort of people's front to communism," Kuhn announced, "I have decided to declare myself in the name of the group for the Republican candidate."

Henry Ford endorsed Landon as one who "ate out of a dinner bucket for years and . . . still thinks along with the men who carry dinner buckets." And to complete the picture, the Coughlinite Union Party of California, where Lemke is not on the ballot, instructed its followers to "make their votes count for Lemke's principles" by casting their ballots for Alf Landon.

THROUGH the din of the campaign could be noted a significant development along broader and more sinister lines. Reaction on a world-wide scale, which for months has been felt only as a vague ground-swell, began to take definite form and immediate direction. It became clear that leadership in the approaching struggle to check social progress may be looked for from organized religion, particularly the Vatican. Chief weapon of Catholic reaction will be "Pro Deo Committees," which are being planned for all countries. These committees for God, which will be subject to centralized control, are avowedly formed for the sole purpose of combating "communism," and Protestants as well as Catholics are invited to join a twentieth-century version of the Crusades.

American echoes of the Vatican call to arms came from hundreds of pulpits, which resounded with violent attacks not only on communism but on liberalism as well. To the alumni of Notre Dame University Pope Pius extended his blessing for their projected nation-wide campaign against Communists. And it is hardly a secret that Cardinal Pacelli is in this country to curry favor with the Administration and enlist sympathy for the anti-radical drive.

TO WORK up sympathy for any sort of campaign under Catholic Church leadership may be difficult in view of the increasingly mad antics of Father Coughlin. While the priest has on several occasions demonstrated a marked tendency toward hysteria and unpredictable utterances, it was not until this week that he broke out in violence. In Boston the churchman, taking umbrage at the questions of a reporter, snatched off the man's glasses and had him up against a wall before he could be pulled away by his assistants. Still itching for battle after he was safely maneuvered back to his hotel room, the priest whom Bishop Gallagher characterized as the "Voice of God" is reported by witnesses to have paced the floor of his room shouting, "If I had him here, I'd choke him," and "If I see that fellow, I'll tear him to pieces."

A few days later, in Detroit, Father Coughlin was again moved to violence, this time against a harmless crank who, in the name of peace, has been going about the country showering prominent persons with feathers as a means of attracting attention to his message. When the feather-thrower approached Coughlin's platform, the "Voice of God," according to a New York *Times* reporter, "grabbed the man around the neck, pounded him, and had him on the floor before any of the other astonished men on the speakers' platform could do anything."

The excesses of Father Coughlin somewhat increased the stock of other would-be fascist leaders of America. Chief of these was Gerald Smith, who announced the imminent launching of a "$1,500,000 nationalist front against communism." The new movement is scheduled to get under way at a mass meeting of "patriotic" societies in New York on October 20. With ambitions of his own, George U. Harvey, president of the Borough of Queens, in New York City, laid down a program for fighting "Reds," which included keeping them out of public buildings, keeping them off the ballot, removing "seditious" teachers, and passing strong sedition laws in all the states. "Foreigners ought to be sent home," said Harvey, "and American Reds ought to be put in jail." What bothered the Queens Hitler was the newly-appreciated fact that all Communists are not foreigners. "Why, I was the only foreigner in the group," he complained. "Me, an Irishman, defending America against all those Americans."

MEANWHILE "those Americans" continued to place their wholly legal program before the country. In a tour through Pennsylvania, Candidate Earl Browder offered anthracite coal miners a plan calling for a "thirty-hour work week, without reduction in earnings, at trade union rates and conditions." He pleaded in Reading with a divided Socialist Party in that city to unify its ranks and lay the base for a Farmer-Labor Party. And before a Philadelphia crowd that outnumbered Hoover's Philadelphia audience on the same night 11,000 to 2,000, he again stressed the building of such a party as "the best bulwark against fascism and reaction."

While Browder laid down a progressive trade union program, Landon's chief labor advisor, William Hutcheson, found even the ultra-conservative executive council of the A.F. of L. too much for him and resigned. The withdrawal was taken as a hopeful sign that American labor may yet avoid a split, since Hutcheson has been one of the

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most bitter opponents of the C.I.O. on the council and several times threatened to take his union of carpenters out of the Federation unless the C.I.O. split was maintained.

ANOTHER hopeful augury for labor peace was the failure of the council during the week to suspend the Typographical Union and the United Hatters, Cap & Millinery Workers, both of which have endorsed the C.I.O. The appointment of a three-man committee, even though it includes the extreme reactionary, Matthew Woll, to discuss means of regaining unity suggested the possibility that the council may lift the suspension order —a move which John L. Lewis reiterated must be the first step toward healing the labor breach.

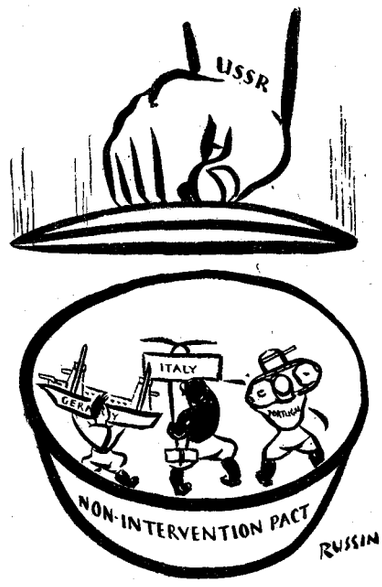
Backing the C.I.O.'s steel-organizing campaign, which continued at full steam, B. Frank Bennett, newly elected president of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel & Tin Workers, declared: "No program offers as much opportunity to labor as that of John L. Lewis and his Committee for Industrial Organization. . . . We will fight the steel trust to the last ditch and spend our last dollar. The steel workers will be organized."

A struggle as vital as the steel drive continued on the West Coast, where the maritime unions fought desperately for an agreement by shipowners and government officials. The unions' chief battle was directed against the proposal of the Maritime Commission for an indefinite truce, a move that would discourage the rank and file and enable the owners to call a lockout in the winter, when they could best afford a shutdown. The workers responded to the proposal by a referendum vote in the various unions to permit leaders to call a strike on or after October 28 at their own discretion. Warned Harry Bridges: "The strike votes now being taken by the maritime unions are not mere bluff. The unions will go down the line October 28 unless a satisfactory agreement is reached. Until that time, the unions will resort to every reasonable effort for peace."

Plans for a national demonstration for the unemployed were completed, with demands for a twenty-percent wage increase on projects and the sending of a delegation of 500 representatives to call on the President. The move was strengthened by a strike of 1700 W.P.A. workers in Rochester, N. Y. "If our demands are not met by the national administration," said David Lasser, of the Workers' Alliance, "we shall probably be obligated to take further action."

UNRUFFLED by the fact that its duplicity toward Republican Spain has become evident to the world, Britain's National Government strove during the week to keep the non-intervention agreement operating in its present form, thereby materially aiding the conquest of Spain by its fascist invaders.

The Soviet Union, on the other hand, persisted in its efforts to force Germany, Italy, and Portugal to discontinue their aid to



Russin

Franco. The Soviet representative on the London non-intervention committee followed last week's unmasking of fascist neutrality violations with the demand that French and British naval forces be stationed in Portuguese waters as a control measure. Still counting on the acquiescence of the Blum government, the Earl of Plymouth, chairman of the neutrality committee, parried the Soviet move with the solemn declaration that the committee could not convene to act on the Russian proposal since Portugal had not yet presented "such explanations as are necessary to establish the facts" of the very violations charged against her in the Soviet note.

Flurries of resolutions and public meetings voicing the indignation of citizens of the U.S.S.R., and the temper of official declarations, made it clear that the Soviet Union would show no patience with the Earl of Plymouth's scheme for stalling long enough to enable Franco's Moors to encamp in Madrid. Referring to shipments of food and clothing to the embattled Loyalists, Stalin declared: "The laboring population of the Soviet Union is fulfilling its duty in struggling for the people of Spain. It understands that the freedom and liberty of Spain are not a private cause for Spaniards but a concern for the progressive humanity of the whole world." Circumstances pointed to an early withdrawal of the Soviet Union from the London committee and the assumption of the right to take all measures it deems feasible and necessary in behalf of the Spanish government, if Britain and France should continue refusing to block intervention by the fascist powers.

MADRID'S defenders fought doggedly during the week against fascist columns which succeeded, however, in extending their lines about the city in a pincer formation. While the loyalist outer defenses west and southwest of the city were menaced, the rebels were held off in the regions northeast and directly to the south. The unified command recently established in Madrid [illegible] completion trenches, barbed-wire barri[illegible] fortifications on the outskirts of the city.

The arrival in Barcelona of President Azaña with three of his Cabinet Ministers was widely hailed as a sign that Madrid was about to fall and that the government was preparing to abandon the capital. This interpretation was vigorously denied by Loyalist authorities, who described the President's trip as the first lap in a tour designed to "fortify the morale of the Iberian peoples . . . and instill greater courage to continue the Civil War."

A delegation of three persons, including a Roman Catholic priest, arrived in New York to begin a speaking tour of the United States and Canada on behalf of the Loyalist government. The two other members of the delegation were Marcelino Domingo, former Minister of Education and president of the Left Republican Party, and Mrs. Isabel de Palencia, who has on several occasions represented Spain in the League of Nations Assembly. Asked what would happen if Madrid should fall, the delegation replied: "The legitimate government would merely move to another part of Spain and the struggle would continue." The rebels might win battles, they said, but the Loyalists would win the war, though the struggle might be "long and hard."

American newspapers, replete with gruesome details of the horror and desolation wrought by Italian and German bombing planes in Spain, nevertheless introduced the note of referring to Franco's forces as the "Nationalist" army.

Under the influence of British support for Nazi aggression, Belgium delivered another blow at French security and the peace of Europe. Severing its military ties with France, she announced "an exclusively Belgian policy," which precludes coöperation in the collective peace efforts of the non-fascist powers and shows more than one sign of having originated in Berlin.

The Blum government, whose lack of vigor in foreign policy contributed to the Belgian move, lost considerably in its physical capacity for defense as well as in prestige. In addition to weakening the Franco-Soviet pact, Hitler's gains in Belgium gave promise of stimulating Colonel de la Rocque's movement toward civil war against the Blum government. Preparations for the coup, which French fascists boasted would come this autumn, became still more obvious with the discovery of Croix de Feu arms caches in Paris.

Berlin gave confort to the menace of French fascism by registering formal protest with the Blum government because of a speech delivered by French Communist leader Thorez. The Hitler protest against the speech of a French citizen who is not a member of the government was all the more brazen for coming so soon after the Nuremberg attacks on the Soviet government, in which Hitler and all his aides delivered some of the most shocking insults ever hurled at a nominally friendly power in diplomatic history.

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Seeds of Counter-Revolution

The second of our correspondent's series on the terrorism trials examines the past history of the leading defendants

By Joshua Kunitz

ZINOVIEV, now openly detested by his own followers, is the target of their accusations. They are all out of breath heaping ignominy upon him. Even Kamenev curses the day he took a summer place together with Zinoviev. As to the younger people—Pickel, Reingold, Bakaiev—his disciples, his admirers, his apostles, they froth at the mouth when they speak of him here, on the verge of their graves, in what may be their final statements.

The most contained is Pickel, for many years in charge of Zinoviev's secretariat, and knowing Zinoviev rather intimately. He elaborates the point that as far back as 1924 Zinoviev's and Kamenev's struggle against the party, against its Central Committee and Stalin, contained elements of "political banditry." The struggle began with "insinuations" and ended with "terroristic acts." "Zinoviev and Kamenev," sneers Pickel, "want to go down in history as *political* enemies, even if rotten ones. That won't work. Criminal and not political terminology is applicable to their performances." Pickel asserts that Zinoviev's unscrupulousness and personal vanity in political matters goes all the way back to the beginning of the Opposition. Thus, when in 1924-5 Zinoviev was writing his book *Leninism* (directed primarily against Stalin), he, unable to find an appropriate quotation in Lenin's work to prove a certain point he was making, used a quotation from Trotsky without giving the reference. Zinoviev's defense was: "No matter, so long as it is against Stalin."

Again, according to Pickel: When Zinoviev was writing his textbook on the history of the Communist Party, he devoted so much space to the episode of his hiding with Lenin in a cottage in Finland that in relation to the rest of the book it seemed absurdly out of place. He almost completely ignored the very important sixth congress of the party, conducted under the leadership of Stalin. Pickel pointed out this discrepancy to Zinoviev. The answer: "My stay in the cottage has infinitely greater historical significance than the sixth party congress and Stalin put together."

In another place Zinoviev cited approvingly a thesis developed by Stalin, thinking it was Lenin's. Pickel caught the error. A few days later he was astonished to discover Zinoviev bitterly attacking that thesis.

Here, then, as far back as 1924-5 were, in Pickel's view, the germs that ripened into murder and counter-revolution in 1932-6.

Much more violent is the attack of the hitherto devoted Reingold. Pointing an accusing finger at his former masters, Reingold denounces Zinoviev and Kamenev as thieves—they had instructed him and Arcus (the latter at that time vice-president of the State Bank of the U.S.S.R.) to steal public moneys to establish a fund abroad. Expecting to be exiled to Europe, like Trotsky, they had made sure that a little pile would lie ready for them. Now, according to Reingold, Trotsky is using the Soviet people's money, deposited abroad.

More from Reingold: Zinoviev and Kamenev were, like Trotsky, conscious defeatists. When in 1932 trouble seemed brewing in the Far East, Zinoviev and Kamenev said: "We are for defeat even if it costs us some land in the Far East. Stalin costs us more. We have plenty of land." Reingold is irrepressible. In his frenzy against Zinoviev and Kamenev he dwells little on his own preparations to kill Stalin, he pours his remaining venom on the people he now blames for his misfortune, whom he calls thieves, traitors, murderers. From conversations he had held with Zinoviev and Kamenev, Reingold asserts, he understood that in the event they, the leaders, were successful in capturing state power, their first task would be to remove—à la Hitler—the clues to their crimes by the physical annihilation, not only of O.G.P.U. workers who might suspect anything, but also of all the actual perpetrators—the most loyal and most self-sacrificing members of their own organization. Bakaiev, slated to be next head of the O.G.P.U., was expected to clean up the mess.

Reingold further accuses Zinoviev of responsibility for the death of his own secretary, Bogdan. When Bogdan's plot to kill Stalin in 1933 failed, Zinoviev and Bakaiev issued an ultimatum: "Either you go through with the killing, or you commit suicide." Bogdan committed suicide. "It was you, Zinoviev, who killed Bogdan," screams Reingold.

Correll

Cowardice, shifting of responsibility, these are items in Reingold's indictment: "Generals of terrorism," he exclaims, "do not hide behind the backs of your soldiers!"

And Bakaiev, the arch terrorist, who was to head the O.G.P.U., climaxes a fit of sobbing: "They wanted to make a scapegoat of me too. Kamenev gave orders to terrorist groups to say, in case they were caught red-handed, that they acted on my instructions. Kamenev! Who ever gave you the right to use me in that way? Zinoviev and Kamenev! Do not hide behind our backs. I have not read Bogdan's letter, but I can readily believe that Zinoviev did away with him as a potentially dangerous witness. Excuse me, Zinoviev, you may not like what I am saying, but there are a few more points I would like to talk about. Zinoviev and Kamenev instructed me to kill Stalin. Zinoviev often said, 'Let Stalin have Bakaiev's bullet.' A sadistic wish! . . . I had been Stalin's pupil. I had once worked hand in hand with Stalin, and so Zinoviev wanted me, Stalin's pupil, to be his killer."

Zinoviev and Kamenev are accused by the others of the grossest hypocrisy: of heaping praises upon Stalin and proclaiming loyalty to the party at the same time they plotted his death privately. An almost incredible scene is enacted in the courtroom. The prosecutor, examining Kamenev, draws out one detail after another of this hypocrisy. Finally Vishinsky asks point blank: "How should one evaluate the articles and statements you wrote in 1933, in which you expressed your loyalty to the party? Deception?"

KAMENEV: No; worse than deception.
VISHINSKY: Breach of faith?
KAMENEV: Worse.
VISHINSKY: Worse than deception, worse than breach of faith—find the word—treason?
KAMENEV: You have found it.
VISHINSKY: Defendant Zinoviev, do you agree with that?
ZINOVIEV: Yes.
VISHINSKY: Double-dealing? Breach of faith? Treason?
ZINOVIEV: Yes.

Speaking of the eulogy he sent to the *Pravda* following the murder of Kirov, Zino-

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viev, ambitious to appear in history as a political strategist, says: "We continued tactics which consisted of combining ever-more-subtle and cunning double-dealing with the preparation of the conspiracy. Things went so far that I sent an obituary note to the *Pravda* on Kirov."

The prosecutor, in his speech, reads sections of that obituary: "The grief of the party is the grief of the entire nation, of all the peoples of the U.S.S.R. The mourning of the party is the mourning of our entire great country. . . . The entire nation has felt the bitterness of the loss. . . . The villainous murder of Sergei Mironovich Kirov has indeed aroused the entire party, the entire Soviet Union. . . . The loss of this beloved and dear man is felt by all as the loss of one's own, near, infinitely dear . . ." etc., etc.

Spectators in the courtroom gasp. Vishinsky trembles as he reads these lines. I am certain he expresses the feelings of everyone in the courtroom when he exclaims in a choked voice: "What insolent blasphemy! . . . This is the man who loved Kirov, was proud of him, and killed him. The murderer mourns his victim. Where and when has anything like this ever occurred?"

Zinoviev cannot stand this blaze of indignation—his head drops to his knees, he buries his face in his hands.

ALL THROUGH the trial I am tortured by the ever-recurring question: How account for such terrible degeneration of character? These men had been trained in the rigorous Marxist school, had come to the proletarian revolution and the Bolshevik Party when the immediate prospects were not power and glory, but persecution, prison, exile, even death? How had they reconciled terrorism with Marxism? They were not children—they were thinkers, students, politicians of no ordinary ability and experience—couldn't they understand that, whatever their subjective motives, objectively they were working for counter-revolution? Zinoviev and Kamenev admit they had known of the connections of Nathan Lurye with the Gestapo. Are the defendants sincere? Why all the admissions and apologies? These people had been fighters; surely now, in the presence of the world press, they could boldly place their lives on the altar of their beliefs and hurl at the court and the regime such burning words of criticism and scorn as would set the continent on fire. But they cringe, they weep, they apologize, they betray one another. How account for it? How explain it?

Let me reproduce here what goes through my mind as I try to answer these questions. The clue is given by Kamenev in his final statement, when he traces the germ of his and Zinoviev's political and moral decay to the first time they violated party discipline by organizing underground opposition groups.

It is needless to expatiate on the need of strict discipline in revolution. A revolutionary party whose purpose it is not merely to take and hold power, but, as has been the case in Russia, to transform, within the briefest historical period, a backward, semi-feudal, heterogeneous people and a weak, agricultural country into a strong, highly developed, industrial, united, classless, socialist society—this in an atmosphere of ruthless class struggle and imperialist attacks, actual and threatened—such a party could not begin to perform its titanic historical tasks without maintaining the strictest discipline.

Herb Kruckman

"Nobody realizes what a clean wholesome life a strikebreaker has got to lead."

The history of oppositions in revolutionary movements has amply demonstrated that the first step toward resisting discipline in a revolutionary organization, regardless of the subjective reasons, is objectively and inevitably the first step toward counter-revolution. The logic of this development is inevitable. Either the oppositionists are strong enough to undermine the discipline of the revolutionary organization, when a breach is opened for the counter-revolution to step in, or, not strong enough for that, they are spewed out of the main body of the movement, and that, though less directly, again leads to counter-revolution. Torn away from the masses, isolated, embittered, the oppositionists, though subjectively still revolutionary, become accessible to the flattery and manipulations of the class enemy. Their subjectively even honest and well-meaning criticism of the party and its leadership is eagerly snatched up, repeated, quoted, extolled by the class enemy. The latter, being themselves incapable of gaining the confidence of the masses, seize the opportunity to utilize the names and revolutionary prestige of the oppositionists.

It would be unjust to maintain that the oppositionists, in the early stages of their anti-party struggles, always deliberately seek such support, but whether they seek it or not they get it. Such, even if unsolicited, support tends to discredit them in the eyes of the revolutionary masses. Thus gradually the oppositionists become more and more driven into collaboration with the class enemy. To justify themselves in their own eyes and the eyes of the revolutionary world, they tend more and more to ignore the virtues and achievements of the party and dwell on its real and imaginary faults and failures. As the struggle sharpens, they come to see *only* faults and *only* failures. And all the while they recede further and further away from the proletarian masses, and grow ever more closely tied up with the enemy class. Before they know it, and while they still speak and think of themselves as revolutionists, they become out and out counter-revolutionists—so much more dangerous, because of their former services and revolutionary associations.

All this is, of course, not unconnected with the individual characters and temperaments of the oppositionists. People who are by nature excessively egotistical, conceited, ambitious, individualistic, constitute the "natural" material for opposition trends. In their need, revolutionary parties must take what they can get—the conceited along with the humble, the self-assertive along with the self-abnegating. Trotsky, whom Lenin once referred to as Yudushka-Trotsky, little Judas Trotsky, played a prominent role in the revolution. It is history that has applied the acid and final test to the Bolshevik Party.

Now, in retrospect, we can see that, not unlike Trotsky, Zinoviev and Kamenev had from the very beginning of their career in the Bolshevik Party manifested tendencies and traits of character which with our present knowledge we know to have been symptomatic. Indeed, in his last statement before the court, Zinoviev, analyzing his own fall, sorrowfully referred to himself as a "defective Bolshevik." His "defectiveness," he pointed out, became especially glaring in periods of great crisis—in 1917, 1924-5, and during the last ten years. True, he said, he had, like Stalin and many other good Bolsheviks, been

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forged in Lenin's smithy, but it was not Lenin's fault that he, Zinoviev, was made of defective material.

Such is Zinoviev's own analysis. It applies as much to Kamenev. Their main defect was the typical petty-bourgeois intellectual's unreadiness to submit to party discipline. As far back as 1909, Zinoviev and Kamenev, disagreeing with Lenin's decision to withdraw from the editorial board of the *Social Democrat,* entered into compromising secret negotiations with the Mensheviks. This was, relatively speaking, a minor transgression, but in the light of subsequent events, it acquires significance.

At the outbreak of the World War, Kamenev assumed a non-Bolshevik position. Indeed, at the trial of the Bolshevik fraction of the Duma, together with whom he was arrested, Kamenev made efforts to disassociate himself from the position of the Bolsheviks, and was roundly denounced by Lenin.

Later, shortly after the February Revolution, when the Bolshevik Party's slogan was "Down with the war," Kamenev again assumed an anti-party position. It is on record that at that time the Central Committee and the Petrograd Committee of the Bolshevik Party censured him. A month later, when the party was discussing Lenin's April Theses in which he advocated the transition of the bourgeois democratic revolution into a socialist revolution and the establishment of the dictatorship of the working class and the poor peasants through a republic of soviets, Kamenev again adopted a non-Bolshevik position. He considered Russia too backward to attempt a socialist revolution before its accomplishment in Western Europe (Menshevik-Trotskyite), and that any such attempt was doomed to fail because it would entail immediate rupture with the peasantry and the isolation of the proletariat. Fortunately for the Revolution, the Party pursued the line, not of Kamenev, but of Lenin.

A few months later, on October 10, 1917, when the Central Committee of the Bolsheviks voted secretly in favor of insurrection and seizure of power, the only two opposed were Zinoviev and Kamenev. In a letter, "The Current Situation," addressed to various party organizations, they maintained that "an armed uprising now would mean risking not only the fate of our party, but also the fate of the Russian and international revolution, with certainty of failure." The party, they argued, even if it managed to seize power, would not be able to retain it, for it would completely alienate not only the bourgeoisie, but also the peasantry. They looked forward to the Constituent Assembly, to a revolutionary bloc in the Assembly, and to the assumption of power through parliamentary methods. They drew a terrifying picture of the strength of the enemy and a completely pessimistic one of the strength and revolutionary spirit of the worker and peasant masses. Lenin, in his "Letter to Comrades," branded Zinoviev's and Kamenev's arguments as "astoundingly indicative of confusion, fright, and collapse in every fundamental idea of Bolshevism and revolutionary-proletarian internationalism." Zinoviev and Kamenev refused to yield. In defiance of party discipline, they proceeded to make a bid for outside support in the pages of a non-party paper, over the head of the Central Committee of the party, thereby revealing to the bourgeoisie the secret decision of the party —an act unprecedented in the history of the Bolshevik Party.

"I should consider it," wrote Lenin in his *To the members of the Bolshevist Party,* "disgraceful on my part if, on account of my former close relations with these former comrades, I were to hesitate to condemn them. I declare outright that I do not consider either of them comrades any longer and that I will fight with all my might, both in the Central Committee and at the Congress, to secure the expulsion of both of them from the Party.

"For a workers' party which is being faced ever more frequently by the facts of the situation with the necessity for insurrection cannot accomplish that difficult task if unpublished decisions of the Center, after their adoption, are to be disputed in the non-Party press, and vacillation and confusion brought into the ranks of the fighters.

"Let Messrs. Zinoviev and Kamenev found their own party from the dozens of disoriented people, or from the candidates to the Constituent Assembly. The workers will not join such a party. . . ."

And further, referring once more to the arguments of Zinoviev and Kamenev against insurrection:

"These so-called ideological arguments reduce themselves to the following two. First, that it is necessary to 'wait' for the Constituent Assembly. Let us wait, maybe we can hold on until then—that is the whole argument. Maybe, despite famine, despite economic ruin, despite the fact that the patience of the soldiers is exhausted, despite Rodzyanko's measures to surrender Petrograd to the Germans (even despite the lockouts), perhaps we can hold on. . . .

"The second is clamorous pessimism. With the bourgeoisie and Kerensky, everything is fine; with us, everything is bad. The capitalists have everything wonderfully in hand. . . . Nevertheless, the problem will be solved; the workers will consolidate their ranks, and the peasant revolt and the extreme impatience of the soldiers at the front will do their work! Let us rally our ranks closer—the proletariat must win."

(*To be continued*)

Peter Stark

"A sunflower is not a flower, it is a fungus . . . it is yellow, with a black heart . . . it attracts mosquitoes, flies, and all sorts of insects. . . . It is hard to control and grows like a parasite. . . . Its seeds are used primarily to feed parrots."— Sunflower as defined by the Encyclopædia Britannica (Seventh Edition).

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The Press Places Its Bets

How 150 leading newspapers feel about Roosevelt and Landon

Compiled by Betty Millard

	Newspaper	Circulation
R	N. Y. News	1,640,000
L	Chicago Tribune	801,000
L	N. Y. Journal (Hearst)	680,000
L	N. Y. Mirror (Hearst)	555,000
L	Philadelphia Bulletin	512,000
R	N. Y. Times	459,000
L	Chicago American (Hearst)	448,000
L	Chicago News	404,000
R	N. Y. World-Telegram (Scripps-H.)	402,000
L	Chicago Herald & Examiner (Hearst)	364,000
X	Boston Post	342,000
L	N. Y. American (Hearst)	324,000
L	N. Y. Herald Tribune	317,000
L	Kansas City Star	311,000
L	Boston Record (Hearst)	308,000
L	Kansas City Times	308,000
L	N. Y. Sun	305,000
L	Detroit Times (Hearst)	281,000
L	Detroit News	280,000
L	Philadelphia Enquirer	278,000
L	Los Angeles Herald & Express (Hearst)	274,000
L	Boston American (Hearst)	250,000
L	St. Louis Globe-Democrat	226,000
R	Philadelphia Record (Stern)	222,000
L	St. Louis Post-Dispatch	217,000
L	Detroit Free Press	211,000
R	Chicago Times	205,000
L	Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Block)	204,000
L	Baltimore News-Post (Hearst)	201,000
R	Cleveland Press (Scripps-Howard)	194,000
L	Philadelphia Ledger	192,000
L	Los Angeles Examiner (Hearst)	191,000
L	Buffalo News	191,000
X	Cleveland Plain Dealer	189,000
L	Los Angeles Times	183,000
L	Boston Traveller	176,000
R	Pittsburgh Press (Scripps-Howard)	173,000
L	San Francisco Examiner (Hearst)	168,000
L	Cincinnati Times-Star	168,000
R	Milwaukee Journal	166,000
R	Cincinnati Post (Scripps-Howard)	165,000
L	Pittsburgh Sun-Telegram (Hearst)	156,000
L	Denver Post	154,000
R	St. Louis Star-Times	149,000
L	Indianapolis News	148,000
L	Columbus Dispatch	148,000
L	Des Moines Register	146,000
L	Baltimore Sun	140,000
X	Boston Globe	136,000
L	Toledo Blade (Block)	136,000
L	Philadelphia News	133,000
L	Buffalo Courier-Express	133,000
L	Newark News	129,000
X	Des Moines Tribune	126,000
L	Boston Herald	123,000
L	San Francisco Call-Bulletin (Hearst)	123,000
L	Washington Star	122,000
R	New York Post (Stern)	121,000
R	Memphis Commercial Appeal (Scr.-H.)	120,000
R	N. Y. Jewish Forward	118,000
L	Indianapolis Star	116,000
R	New Orleans Times-Picayune	116,000
L	Minneapolis Journal	116,000
L	Washington Times (Hearst)	114,000
L	Cleveland News	112,000
L	Milwaukee Sentinel (Block)	107,000
R	Portland Oregon Journal	106,000
L	Portland Oregonian	105,000
L	Washington Herald (Hearst)	101,000
R	Atlanta Constitution	100,000
R	Louisville Times	100,000
R	Louisville Courier-Journal	99,000
L	Seattle Times	99,000
L	San Francisco Chronicle	98,000
R	Houston Chronicle	97,000
R	San Francisco News (Scripps-Howard)	96,000
L	Oklahoma City Oklahoman	96,000
L	Milwaukee Wisconsin News (Hearst)	96,000
R	Los Angeles Illustrated News	95,000
L	Providence Bulletin	95,000
L	Brooklyn Times-Union	94,000
L	St. Paul Dispatch	94,000
X	Kansas City Journal-Post	93,000
L	Cincinnati Enquirer	93,000
R	Fort Worth Star-Telegram	93,000
R	Brooklyn Eagle	92,000
R	Atlanta Journal	89,000
L	Oklahoma City Times	89,000
R	Buffalo Times (Scripps-Howard)	88,000
L	Washington Post	87,000
X	Grand Rapids Press	85,000
R	Memphis Press-Scimitar (Scripps-H.)	84,000
L	Atlanta Georgian (Hearst)	83,000
R	Indianapolis Times (Scripps-Howard)	83,000
X	Dallas News	83,000
L	Newark Star-Eagle (Block)	83,000
X	Seattle Star (Scripps-Howard)	82,000
L	N. Y. Jewish Journal	81,000
X	Houston Post	81,000
R	Birmingham News	80,000
X	Minneapolis Star	80,000
R	Columbus Citizen (Scripps-Howard)	80,000
R	Wichita Beacon	79,000
L	Oakland Tribune	78,000
L	Rochester Democrat-Chronicle (Block)	78,000
R	Richmond News-Leader	76,000
L	St. Paul Pioneer Press	75,000
R	Richmond Times-Dispatch	74,000
L	Rochester Times-Union (Gannett)	73,000
R	Washington News (Scripps-Howard)	73,000
R	N. Y. Jewish Day	73,000
R	Nashville Banner	73,000
R	Nashville Tennessean	72,000
R	St. Paul News	72,000
X	N. Y. Progresso-Italo-Americano	72,000
X	Portland News-Telegram (Scripps-H.)	72,000
R	Tulsa World	70,000
L	Minneapolis Tribune	70,000
L	Akron Beacon-Journal	70,000
X	Dallas Times-Herald	67,000
R	Los Angeles Evening News	67,000
R	Toledo News-Bee (Scripps-Howard)	66,000
R	Birmingham Post (Scripps-Howard)	65,000
L	Worcester Gazette	65,000
R	Harrisburg News	65,000
L	Omaha World-Herald	64,000
X	Jacksonville Florida Times-Union	63,000
L	Syracuse Journal (Hearst)	63,000
R	Jamaica Long Island Press	63,000
R	Dayton News	62,000
R	Hartford Times (Gannett)	60,000
X	N. Y. Staats-Zeitung	60,000
L	Sioux City Journal	59,000
R	Sioux City Tribune	59,000
R	New Orleans Item	58,000
R	Charlotte Observer	58,000
L	Tulsa Tribune	57,000
L	Syracuse Post-Standard	55,000
R	Sacramento Bee	55,000
R	New Orleans States	54,000
L	Oakland Post-Inquirer (Hearst)	54,000
R	Camden Courier (Stern)	54,000
L	Fort Wayne News-Sentinel	53,000
R	Scranton Times	53,000
L	San Antonio Light (Hearst)	53,000
L	Dayton Herald	52,000
R	Salt Lake City Tribune	52,000
R	Tampa Tribune	51,000
L	Syracuse Herald	50,000
R	Raleigh News	50,000

Total circulations for Roosevelt **(R)** 6,996,000; for Landon **(L)** 14,347,000; equally critical of both **(X)** 1,651,000

(Circulation figures from Ayer's 1936 Newspaper Index, ignoring Sunday circulations and taking highest figure in case of morning and evening editions of the same paper.)

ABOVE is listed the admitted or effective editorial attitude on the presidential campaign of every daily paper in the country with a circulation of more than 50,000. The figures are eloquent testimony to the contention that the press is, first and foremost, a business. Like all business men, publishers are loyal to those political groups which seem most likely to promote what they regard as their immediate interests. In the present campaign, newspapers which cover 67 percent of the total circulation of these 150 journals are backing Landon, although not the wildest predictions of John Hamilton give his candidate anything like such strength among the voters. Even more significant perhaps is the concentration of Roosevelt opposition in the upper brackets of circulation—that is, where the advertising is thickest. Thus while from a circulation standpoint Landon has 67 percent of this newspaper strength, numerically he has the support of only 53 percent.

Dividing the table into groups of fifty papers each, interesting comparison may be made between the first, second, and third groups. The first, comprised of big metropolitan dailies of over 135,000 circulation, is 75 percent pro-Landon and 20 percent for Roosevelt. The second gives Landon 52 percent and Roosevelt 36 percent, while in the third group, with circulation between 50,000 and 80,000, Landon is favored by only 34 percent, while the Democratic candidate gets the support of 54 percent.

With the realignment of national political forces it is inevitable that many of the large southern and other hitherto Democratic papers should be found over in the Republican camp of big business. Thus the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* the Baltimore *Sun,* and the Omaha *World-Herald* have announced their defection after years of loyalty to the Democratic party. Openly or tacitly giving aid to the Republican candidate are other large southern dailies, such as the Dallas *News* and *Times-Herald,* the Houston *Post,* and the Jacksonville *Florida Times-Union.* Three Hearst papers are also to be counted among the southern anti-New Deal forces in this group of 150.

The figures in the table give an idea of the extremely unrepresentative nature of the press in almost every big city. Chicago is a notorious case in point, with the *Tribune,* two Hearst papers, and Knox's *Daily News,* with a combined circulation of 2,017,000, representing reaction at a rate of 10 to 1 against the little pro-Roosevelt *Times* of 205,000 circulation. How far removed this is from the political sentiments of Chicagoans is indicated by the fact that the city gave Roosevelt a 3 to 2 majority in 1932 and even in that great Republican year of 1928 cast seven Democratic votes for every eight for Hoover.

In Boston none of the six large daily papers can be listed in the pro-Roosevelt column and only two, the *Post* and the *Globe,* can be considered equally critical of both sides. This is a city that has gone overwhelmingly Democratic in the last two Presidential elections.

Philadelphia has traditionally been a Republican city, but that party's victory by 3 to 2 in 1928 and 4 to 3 in 1932 is in strong contrast to the 5 to 1 support, in terms of circulation, given Landon by all five of its large papers except Stern's *Record.*

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The Bankrupt Fourth Estate

The author cites an interesting phenomenon: an influence inversely proportional to propaganda

By H. L. Stone

LIKE all huge organisms that labor and bring forth mice, the press is at present a ludicrous object. That is, if you can achieve the proper perspective. Strangely enough, his proximity to the phenomenon has given the writer, a newspaper man, perspective.

It has brought him, for instance, the opportunity to see at close range the vast insincerity of editors and publishers who repeat hysterically, edition after edition, that the nation is going for Landon, that New York is going for Landon, that Pennsylvania is going for Landon, and simultaneously bet with their friends and colleagues on Roosevelt.

Nor should this be hidden from the normally observant reader, who notes the echolaliac pæans of praise for Landon on the editorial pages, reads the claims of Landon success in the news columns, and then finds, buried among the mortgage foreclosures, an item to the effect that Lloyd's, hard-headed as that organization is, will give handsome odds in Roosevelt's favor. Or that Wall Street betting commissioners will gladly lay 8 to 5.

Should he be a reader of the Hearst New York *American,* he will have found that periodical reporting, the day after the Maine State election, that the odds on Roosevelt dropped "sharply" from 8¾ to 5, all the way to 8¼ to 5.

There is significance in all this, a deep import full of implications that are cause for rejoicing.

You see, the press, with all its huge investment, its magnificent machinery and facilities for molding opinion, just isn't molding opinion. It is selling banjo-seat shorts for the athletic man, it is conveying information on Flatbush murders and the standing of Princeton and Notre Dame, but it is not selling Landon.

And the editors and publishers know it. They know that they are generals in a Mexican army. They know that there are two kinds of newspaper readers so far as editorials are concerned: those who do not read editorials, would not touch one with a ten-foot pole, and those who read the pap about saving our dear country by voting for Jones, and then calmly, blithely almost, vote for Smith.

Dozens of instances of the feebleness of the press could be cited, but a few will suffice to make the point. In New York City, all the papers except the three owned by William Randolph Hearst backed Joseph D. McGoldrick in the 1935 election for the Kings County District Attorneyship, and still McGoldrick was snowed under by William F. X. Geoghan, who was cleared just the other day of charges resulting from the McGoldrick campaign. All the city's papers, including Hearst's, supported Judge Jonah J. Goldstein for a nomination to the General Sessions bench and Frank J. Prial for the nomination as President of the Board of Aldermen, but both were overwhelmingly defeated in the Democratic primary recently. With the American Newspaper Guild shutting down the Hearst *Post-Intelligencer* in Seattle, both the remaining papers ganged up on the Guild, showering it with poisonous, prayer-meeting-ish attacks—but to no avail. Public sentiment in Seattle remains clearly and firmly behind the Guild, and clearly and firmly against even the synthetic "vigilante" Red-baiting committee of business men created by Hearst and the other publishers. If this were not so, the *P.-I.* would have reopened weeks ago.

And if it were not for the public's ability to withstand the torrents of abuse that drenched Milwaukee's Guildsmen during the Hearst strike there, the Guild could never have won its victory, a victory, mind you, in spite of all the rabbits in the big silk hats of the other Milwaukee publishers.

Try as they will to forget them, these facts remain. They prove that with all its fantastically elaborate equipment, all its "good will," all its money and efficiency, the press as a leader is impotent and bankrupt.

What are the reasons for this development? How does it happen that, in their bettors' odds stories, and in their private actions, the editors are being forced daily to admit that they are without influence, that despite all their wishful thinking and lies and "dynamic" editorials, the people will flock to the polls on November 3 to repudiate their "favorite" newspapers?

Anton Refregier

I believe that, chronologically, Hearst is the first factor. The incessant crying of wolf, wolf, the incessant pounding away at the public's ears and eyes with all manner of balderdash, obscenity, violent untruth, corrupt inference, manifestly insincere and prostituted appeal, have finally made even the unreflective reader tired and cynical and hard to impress.

Nor is this just a matter of the Seer of San Simeon. Due credit must be given his imitators and "competitors." Due credit must be given the McCormick interests for introducing the tabloid to America.

IT IS DIFFICULT for a man who gazes daily at headlines four inches tall, shouting out some unimportant detail of a minor murder, to pay more attention on the day when the same headlines shriek warnings of impending disaster.

Even the Hearst reader will tell you sheepishly that "when the *Times* says five people died, the *Journal* tells you 105." Still, through force of habit, desire for smut, laziness, illiteracy, he continues to buy the *Journal.* In the last analysis, he doesn't care how many people actually were killed in the train wreck, as long as he is thrilled, amused, terrified, in short, shaken out of the dreary daily routine of buttonhole-punching, embalming, or pharmacy. His feeling of independence of the press's assertions is spreading.

How about the reflective reader?

He knows, to begin with, that the press is crooked. If he has given thought to the situation, he knows that under a system where a publisher is a manufacturer of commodities to sell for two or three cents in the same sense that a shoe manufacturer is a maker of commodities for $2 or $12, and is just as interested in selling as many of these commodities as he possibly can, a "free press" is impossible, the very phrase a mockery.

He knows that a publisher desirous of keeping advertisers happy, and dividends flowing from his personal portfolio of securities, must be a prostitute. He knows, at last, after examining their editorial content, that the sole difference between the New York *Sun* and the New York *American* is that one has an air of gentility, the other has made no effort to disguise its meretriciousness. The difference, on any given day—pick up the two papers to-

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day—is skin-deep. One has good table manners, the other sighs over its soup and loads the knife with the fork. One is literate, the other unlettered. One whispers politely on occasion, the other habitually shouts, oh, so vulgarly.

But their content? Both are convinced that Comrade Roosevelt is receiving regular remittances of Moscow gold. Both hate Rexford Guy Tugwell, Harry L. Hopkins, Harold L. Ickes, John L. Lewis, Heywood Broun, Frances Perkins, David Dubinsky, Sidney Hillman, James A. Farley, the T.V.A., the N.R.A. (alive or dead), the Social Security Act, the Wagner Labor Relations Act (and Senator Wagner), the W.P.A., the P.W.A., the idea that our government has taken it upon itself to attempt remedial social legislation. They hate these people and measures and concepts with a mad, hysterical, unreasoning, blind hatred.

By contrast, they hang lovingly on every syllable that falls from the distinguished patrician lips of John D. M. Hamilton, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., any du Pont, the late lamented Alfred E. Smith, and the rest of the little band of "formers"—former Governor Ely, former Senator Davis, former Senator Reed, former Secretary of State Colby. They are ever ready to engage in politico-economic necking parties with any or all of them.

These things the reflective reader has always known academically. He has known them well enough to be able to trot them out in the course of friendly after-dinner arguments over the coffee cups. But he has not until recently known them specifically, in detail, as a dramatic event in everyday life, proven over and over again, literally *ad nauseam.*

FOR this new factor the publishers as a whole are responsible. It was their stupidity that ended by giving to all who wish to be informed the indisputable evidence of their chicanery and utter dishonesty. They have done it by their obviously fraudulent cries of "free press" when attacking the child labor amendment; by their wails of the same tune when the N.R.A. came into the picture, by their assaults on the Guild.

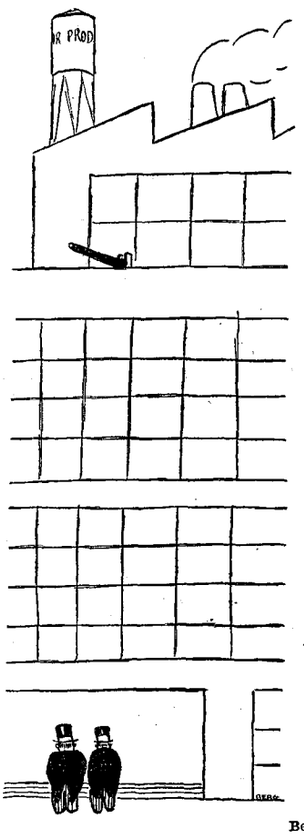
But most of all, they have done it by showing unanimity in these matters. There was a time when they let it be known that they were swashbuckling individualists, sternly competing with each other, in the public interest. But that time is past. Today, with three exceptions, all the papers in New York City, hub of journalism, mecca of American journalists, are unanimous. And what are these three exceptions? The *Daily News,* the *World-Telegram,* and the *Post.*

Let us examine these three exceptions. The *Daily News,* pro-Roosevelt, pro-N.R.A., is utterly insincere. The proof? It is owned by the McCormick Chicago *Tribune,* the most ardent anti-N.R.A., anti-Roosevelt, anti-child labor amendment, anti-Guild organ in the Middle West, and one of the leaders in every reactionary stand of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. While, with an eye to the cash register, the McCormick-*Tribune-News* interests are progressive in New York, they are diehard tory in Chicago. They are full of enlightened self-interest, and therefore anomalous.

The *World-Telegram,* which set itself up as the friend of labor, issued not long ago through Roy W. Howard, its head and head also of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, a completely bourbonish attack on the Guild, in the form of an answer to a request from the New York Guild executive committee for a conference looking to negotiation of an agreement. Rather than go through the details of this diatribe, need I say more than that it was reprinted with a benediction by the Hearst *Evening Journal?* The *World-Telegram* repeatedly runs editorials condemning the company union, while enthusiastically fostering such a monstrosity in its own city room.

The *Post,* pro-Roosevelt, pro-Guild, pro-N.R.A., thus remains the solitary exception worthy of credence.

But what have the newspapers of New York proven? The *Times,* the *Herald-Tribune,* the *Sun,* the *Journal,* the *American,* the *Mirror,* the *World-Telegram?* By their actions as generally unanimous members of the A.N.P.A., they have proven to the more enlightened among their readers, to those who are at all reflective, that the workman, the trade unionist, the liberal, the radical, the progressive, the man who stands against injustice, the man who wants something approaching a "free press," must fight them. Must regard them as the enemy. Must give them no aid or comfort.



Berg

"We got that three-inch gun up just before the strike started, but it turned out to be a 'stay-in' strike."

Now, on the readers' side, on the side of all enlightened readers of these "free" newspapers, is the Guild, the first truly articulate union in the history of the American labor movement.

The Guild, by putting the publishers and the editor-stooges on the spot, by symbolizing in the publisher's own office the forces of labor and the striving of the exploited for a better life, has dramatized the corruption and venality and stupid self-seeking of the press.

Through such periodicals as the *Guild Striker* in Milwaukee, and the *Guild Daily* in Seattle, and the *Guild Reporter,* and through the radio, and speakers at forums, and support from the few pro-Guild newspapers in the country, like the *Post,* and magazines like the *Nation,* the *New Republic* and the NEW MASSES, the Guild has furnished the proof. It has demonstrated the fact that the press is unworthy of support, of belief, of trust.

The Guild has been proving daily, by calling the publishers' bluff, that they are thinking only of dividends when they object to the child labor amendment on the sanctimonious ground that "freedom of the press" is endangered; that they have been thinking only of dividends when they babble of "un-American" influences in the labor movement, of the danger of Heywood Broun's direction of the Guild, of the menace of the N.R.A. to "states' rights."

The publishers' only sincere objection to the Wagner labor law is that in the long run it may mean a living wage for reporters and copy readers and elevator operators and office boys and scrubwomen in newspaper buildings. Their real objection to the Guild is that it may cost them so and so many dollars a week.

The publishers' insincerity and pettiness dovetail neatly with their practical unanimity; with their true character as wholesale producers of a commodity; with their notorious corruption. And, armed with this certainty, the voters will continue to go to the polls without a thought for the public-spirited, altruistic, enlightened, 100-percent-American noise of the editorial pages and news columns. This will be increasingly so as the readers, who are, in the mass, the poor, realize more fully where are their friends, and where their enemies.

They will know, Republican, Democrat, Socialist, Communist, when the New York *American* gives 14 columns to Alfred M. Landon's campaign; a half-column to President Roosevelt's; a paragraph to Norman Thomas's, and nothing to Earl Browder's, that they are dealing not with freedom but enslavement, not sincerity but prostitution and greed. They will know when the striker's side in a strike is briefly summarized, while the employer's position is redundantly exhibited, where their own interest lies.

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Block That Kick!

Our football correspondent admits that perhaps the kick he's talking about is the one you may register after reading this

By Robert Forsythe

NOTHING has made my critics angrier than an article I wrote in this magazine two years ago on football in the Yale Bowl. I never thought much of the piece but my friends insisted on thinking it good and my enemies held that it represented a fair estimate of my stupidity. The result was that it began appearing in anthologies somewhat to my embarrassment. The one supreme pleasure arising from the incident was a letter from a reader in Moscow. In the piece I had mentioned the difficulties of driving through Westport on the day of a Yale game at New Haven and my distant correspondent from the vicinity of the Kremlin addressed me on the matter. "Dear comrade," he wrote over a distance of many thousand miles, "next time you want to go to New Haven, arrange to omit Westport entirely. Take Route 22 to White Plains, Armonk, Danbury, and thence by Route 7 to New Haven."

What most of my critics objected to, I gather, was my attempt to bring seriousness to a sporting matter. I mentioned the despair on the face of old Dartmouth grads who had never seen their alma mater conquer Yale and were witnessing another heartbreak on this afternoon in question. God had been clearly on the side of Yale since the inception of the Yale-Dartmouth series and it was only last year that he relented for the first time and allowed a Dartmouth victory. I brought in memories of my own of young men of the steel regions who were fully as collegiate as their more fortunate brethren but had never been granted the privilege of a college education. After reflection upon the criticisms I was willing to grant that I had perhaps made too much of tragedy in my approach to the problem but that was before I had gone into the subject in a national way. However Yale and Dartmouth may feel, football is still a major American tragedy.

The hypocrisy which centers about college football is something for a psychiatrist to analyze. The devious and intricate reasoning which arises to the mind of a faithful graduate in his attempt to explain that the appearance of nineteen prep school captains on their freshman team is the result of the high academic standing of the institution can be justified only on the ground that the world loves to be duped. After a succession of astoundingly obnoxious football teams, Princeton finally hired Fritz Crisler of the Western Conference and as if by miraculous coincidence there begun to appear on the campus the pick of eastern preparatory schools. After many years of declining receipts, Harvard forgot its proud boast that football was merely a sport

J. K.

for gentlemen, which must be confined to Harvard participants, by hiring Mr. Dick Harlow, the eminent ornithologist of Western Maryland College, who happened to be one of the best football coaches in the land. Not to be outdone, Yale went through the formality of employing a Yale graduate, one Ducky Pond, although everybody in football knew that the success of the teams has been due to a fascinating character named Greasy Neale, who hails from West Virginia.

These manifestations of national insanity are common knowledge in sporting circles, but the odds are at least 10 to 1 that a visit to the Yale, Harvard, or Princeton clubs in New York would fail to locate a single old grad who wouldn't argue until reaching a fine shade of purple that the intentions of his alma mater were of the purest. The recrudescence of football at Columbia under Mr. Lou Little is a bit of the same pattern. It is no accident that Mr. Little appeared almost simultaneously with a strangely handsome lot of football material. Mr. Little is no fool. He has his living to make as a successful coach and not even a magician can succeed unless he has objects to work with.

If you want to be certain of the good football teams, hunt up the colleges with big stadiums. By some quirk of nature the interest on the stadium mortgage always attracts sterling young patriots eager to battle for the bondholders. Not even Andrew Mellon has done as much for his Pittsburgh adherents as Dr. Jock Sutherland, the celebrated dentist who coaches the teams at the University of Pittsburgh. If Sutherland should seriously waver, the good folk of the city would have a stadium left right on their hands, which would be much like inheriting a herd of elephants from an eccentric African kin. And this is where the tragedy arises. For every team that wins, there is a team that loses and the losing coach wanders guiltily home after the Saturday saturnalia and faces a wife who has perhaps moved fifteen times in the last twenty years, followed in each case by the hoots of people who had welcomed them as saviors but a short time before. The despair in Columbus, O., last year after the Notre Dame game must surely have resulted in a wave of life-taking. It could have been no worse if the Japanese had captured the State House and hung Governor Davey from one of his convalescent elms. Up until this point the Ohio State career of Mr. Francis Schmidt had been an unqualified success. Brought from Texas as an exponent of the razzle-dazzle style of football (forward passes, lateral passes, etc.), the Schmidt tenure was again damaged not long ago when the Pittsburgh hired hands of Dr. Sutherland pushed Mr. Schmidt's Senate pages all over the central part of the Buckeye State. Two more such disasters in the official life of Mr. Schmidt and he will be remembered only as a transient figure who once passed through on his way to oblivion.

This is the amateur sport to which thousands flock every Saturday, riding in lines miles in length to and from the game, sitting in the rain if rain deigns to fall on such majestic happenings, and suffering the pangs of hell when a sophomore quarterback drops a punt and loses the game. Again I venture to suggest that the catching of that punt is of far greater importance to the ladies and gentlemen who clutter up the roads in open cars and bulky coats than the fate of Spain or even the fate of America. I swore when I started this article that I wouldn't mention such things, but I find that I don't like football as much as I once imagined, and I don't think it represents America at its finest. Most certainly it is a national opiate and would remain one under Soviet America, if they retained the picked teams of hired hands, the pedigreed coaches, and the foolish looking alumni. Because it is concentrated into a few months, football is much more a national religion than baseball. The intensity is terrific, in a dozen parts of the country a World Series football game is being played every weekend, with crowds in each case larger than the baseball World Series. The only thing more silly than this furor is my wasting an article on it. Once a year I offer myself to my foes.

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NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

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★

Military 104

CALIFORNIA may not be the most reactionary state in the Union. Michigan, Pennsylvania, and the southern states have equally good claims to that dark distinction. But it appears that the reaction which big business is deliberately fomenting in this country is most thoroughly organized in California.

In the upper-right-hand corner of this page, the reader will find reproduced an illuminating document. It is an examination given on September 16 to students in the course known as Military 104 at the University of California.

According to the "military problem" you see here, "a considerable part of the population is sympathetic toward the strikers." This is actually the case during a strike, and it is significant that the students are being trained to make war upon the *people*.

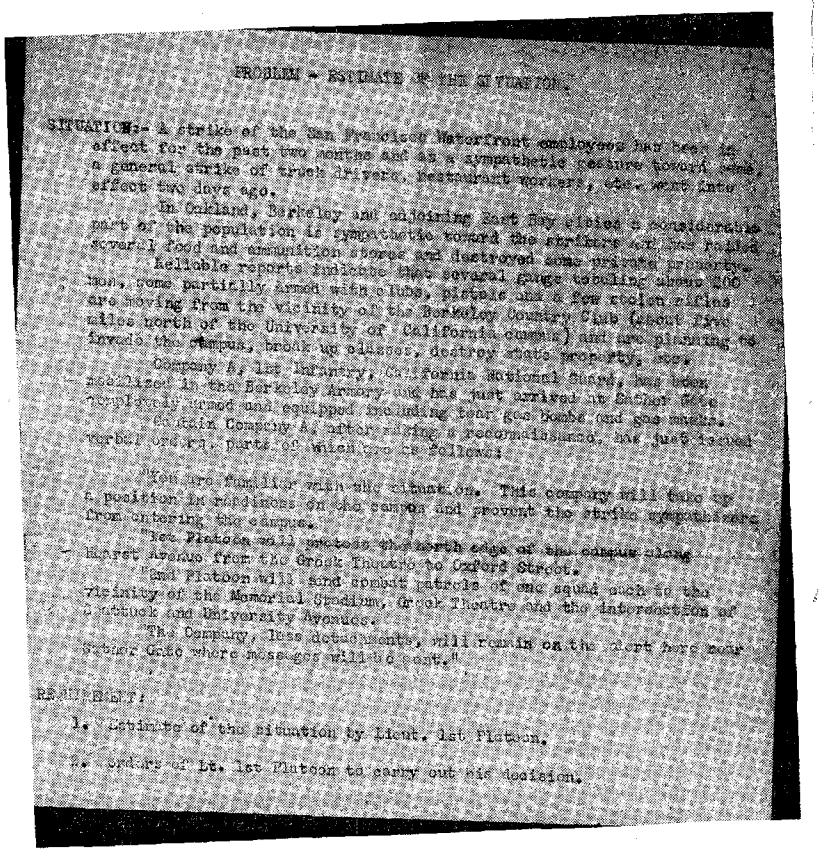
Nobody with a shred of honesty left in his being can say that strikers and their sympathizers act as described in the "examination." Strikes are marked by *peaceful* picketing until the police or the National Guard or the private thugs of the employers come along and initiate a reign of terror and violence. Strikers and their sympathizers do not raid food and ammunition stores; they do not attack country clubs; they have never invaded any campus.

The main object of this little "military" lesson is to teach the students to hate strikers, to hate the people who sympathize with them, to prepare violence against them.

There are some foolish people in this country who poohpooh the fascist danger. They ignore the biggest danger signals; Coughlin's threat of bullets instead of ballots means nothing to them; they ignore the significance of the Liberty League and the Black Legion; they close their eyes to the hundreds of fascist and anti-Semitic organizations throughout the country.

The examination in Military 104 is not the whim of some crackpot instructor; it is part of the well-planned campaign of California's bankers, industrialists, and large landowners to smash labor organizations, to crush civil rights, to enslave the people. The photostat you see here is but an echo of the Salinas strike of lettuce workers, over which hover vigilantes disguised as deputies; it is the shadow cast by the conspiracy of the Industrial Association to break Harry Bridges and the International Longshoremen's Association and the Sailors' Union of the Pacific.

Here is another little example of the labor-baiting, Red-baiting campaign of big business in California. The bankers and industrialists there have organized an "American League Against Communism," which is now engaged in the highly un-American activity of converting citizens into *spies* upon their friends and their neighbors.



A "hypothetical" problem in an examination given to the students in Military 104 on September 16 at the University of California.

A bulletin issued by the League from 935 Market Street, San Francisco, and entitled "Who Are the Radicals?" explains: "The Red radicals permeate the entire social, business, and educational structure of our country. Their greatest allies may be your best friends. . . . Not all Communists appear as radicals on the surface. They are not necessarily unkempt, frenzied, wild-eyed individuals who rave and rant against our government. . . . If a neighbor or an acquaintance habitually uses the words or phrases *production for use instead of profit—religion is the opium of the people —imperialist wars—solidarity of the rank and file—exploiting workers—reaction*—they will also label anything opposed to Communism as fascism. You may be quite certain that if he is not a radical himself he is apparently sympathetic. The American League Against Communism has an extensive file of Communists, and it would appreciate receiving *any information concerning Communist sympathizers or radical literature.*"

The gentlemen who issued this bulletin, stooges of that California nabob, William Randolph Hearst, partisans of the Kansas tory, Alf M. Landon, are organizing the foulest kind of espionage against even those who dare to use truthful phrases about capitalism.

This is something to think about seriously before November 3—and afterward. The fascists of America mean business; we must mean business, too, if we are to retain and extend such democratic rights as still exist in this country.

That is why the Communist Party election platform calls for the "unrestricted freedom of speech, press, radio, and assembly, and the right to organize and strike." That is why it urges us "to safeguard these traditional liberties."

It was to fight for these liberties, in practice as well as in theory, to make a public issue of our civil rights, that Earl Browder went back to Terre Haute this week.

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READERS' FORUM

From Valencia—Chain Letters and Stein songs—Reviewing and confiscating books

● Nothing that I could tell you would make it possible for you to appreciate in its full depth the enthusiasm and courage with which our militiamen have been fighting since the first day of the military uprising. Young people and the aged, men and women, dispute for the honor of going to the front to fight the assassin, fascism. A few days ago, in Malaga, two thousand men were asked for to form a column, and in a single day twenty thousand offered themselves. It is really moving to witness the joy with which our militiamen leave for the front. All Spain is an immense shout, with clenched fist upraised, saying and repeating: They shall not pass! They shall not pass! *They shall not pass!*

We, the intellectuals, since the passing of the moments of anguish and alarm during which we exchanged our pens for rifles, have returned again to our life of agitation and struggle. I am attached to the Plastic Arts Section of the Alliance of Anti-Fascist Intellectuals for the Defense of Culture. We make the wall newspapers for all neighborhoods of Valencia. We edit slogans and produce large quantities of posters for the front and the rear guard. Our fundamental slogans at this moment are: "To SUPPLY THE FRONT, SPEED UP PRODUCTION BY FORMING SHOCK BRIGADES!" "RESPECT THE PROPERTY OF THE SMALL INDUSTRIALIST OR PEASANT." "ALL RIFLES TO THE FRONT."

I have a great deal of work to do. I am writing little. . . . I am sending you two ballads which I have just written on the civil war. Greetings to the American comrades and tell them that victory will be with the anti-fascists, the people. . . . We promise that the enemy will not pass! Revolutionary greetings,

PLA Y BELTRAN.

Another Chain-Letter Idea

● I am interested in and proud of the Committee of Professionals for Browder and Ford, and I am enclosing $1.00 toward the $4500 needed for a broadcast from Earl to the middle class. Will you please pass this on to the Committee, with word that I have used a chain-letter method, enclosing coin-mailing cards to fifteen of my friends, asking for contributions to this fund. In my appeal to them, I used material from the Committee's ad in NEW MASSES for which I hope they will not sue me for plagiarism. It occurred to me that an average of twenty-five cents each from 18,000 professional and middle-class persons all over the U. S. would net us this $4500 without even feeling it. Let's stand solidly for Earl Browder. He is *our* leader; he's American, he's able—and much handsomer than any other candidate in the field. Time before the elections is short and we must emphasize the fact that no matter how we registered or how we voted in the primaries, we can and must vote for Earl Browder in the general elections.

IRENE HUME.

Stein Song Hits Sour Note

● Gertrude Stein is at it again in the *Satevepost* and it's her last on money. Quoth she:

"Getting rid of the rich does end up very funnily. It is easy to get rid of the rich but it is not easy to get rid of the poor. Wherever they have tried it they have got rid of the rich all right and so then everybody is poor and also there are there more than ever there of ever so much poorer. And that is natural enough. When there are the rich you can always take from the rich to give to the poor but when everybody is poor then you cannot take from the poor to give to the ever so much poorer and there they are."

And it's because of too much organization. For after the invention of machinery and the finding of virgin lands began factory organization and laborers' organization and the more you were organized the more everybody liked the "slavery" of organization and organization is petering out and the virgin lands just ain't and Roosevelt does your thinking for you and the "poor are always with us and the very much poorer are certainly always there," and what can you do about it for organization is a failure and everybody has to start over again and one thing is sure that until "there are rich again everybody will be poor and there will be more than ever of everybody who is even poorer" and this is Gerty's last on money and I hope it's her very very last for it's my finish too as it's vote for Landon who promises to take care of the rich poor things who take care of the poor so they're very much poorer and there they remain.

RITA NORMAN.

A Good Book

● I have just finished reading *What is Communism?* by Earl Browder.

Never before have I had the opportunity to read a book which explains the answers to questions pertaining to communism more clearly.

Every person who desires to obtain information concerning the standards and aims of the Communist Party should read a copy of this enlightening book by Mr. Browder [now out in a 25c edition—EDITOR.]

S. L.

An Open Letter to Harry Hansen

● During the early part of the World War five American war correspondents—Harry Hansen, Irvin Cobb, John T. McCutcheon, Roger Lewis, and O'Donnell Bennet—were overtaken in Belgium by the German advance and they continued to report the war from behind the German lines, going from battle to battle and seeing all angles of the German occupation of Belgium. One day they were fortunate enough to obtain a bundle of Allied and neutral newspapers. They were outraged—justly so as the whole world knows now—at the descriptions they read of German "atrocities" in Belgium. A joint cable to the Associated Press was dispatched by the five:

"In spirit fairness we are united in declaring German atrocities groundless as far as we were able to observe. After spending two weeks with German army accompanying troops upward two hundred miles we unable report single instance unprovoked reprisal. . . . To truth these statements we pledge professional personal word."

Harry Hansen, now a famous book critic, had a review in the N. Y. *World-Telegram* on September 30 of a book on Spain.* "By rights," you wrote in that review, "we Americans who profess democratic principles ought to be rooting for the present government of Spain which stands for social and economic reform and is being crowded to the wall by all the reactionary and conservative elements in the country and by some outside the country. . . . But when the loyalists shot priests and nuns they also threw overboard the good will of the middle-class world. . . . This sort of atrocity invariably gives a black eye to social reform."

Dan Rico

Remember, you are several thousand miles away from Spain. You are, in fact, in the same position as to Spain that we were in regard to Belgium (and the cutting off of breasts of all the Belgian women) during the World War. There are many eye-witnesses who have written and spoken about the Spanish war who say that there have been no "unprovoked reprisals" against fascists by loyalists. They say that churches have often been made into fortresses and arsenals in which to store bombs and death-dealing weapons and that many priests and nuns have become combatants. By your statement you imply that lovers of fair play cannot side with the loyalists because they commit atrocities. Surely you must have read some of the eye-witness stories about the fascists at Badajoz and other places. You should correct this wrong to the Spanish people.

WALTER WILSON.

* *Spain in Revolt*, by Gannes and Repard.

Culture in New Orleans

● On the evening of September 24 plainclothes officers forcefully entered my room, arrested me, and confiscated some $150 to $200 of literature, as well as suitcases, typewriters, etc. The arrest and taking of literature was made without warrant or any excuse, other than to drive the "Reds" from town. We had just leased a place to open up a bookstore on October 1, and this was part of the stock of books for our store. Among the books taken were books by Marx, Lenin, Stalin, Strachey, Sinclair Lewis, Grace Lumpkin, etc. We are trying to get the literature back, but if we do, it will not be salable, as the books have been badly handled, walked on, torn, etc.

If any of your readers are willing to help us open up a bookstore in New Orleans, we shall appreciate such help as they give. We shall open the store and run it in spite of police terror if we can get the cash to buy books. Send it care of NEW MASSES.

New Orleans, La. W. G. BINKLEY.

He Likes Us

● Just a few comments I've meant to get off to you about the new format and editorial technique of NEW MASSES.

There's no doubt whatever that it's a great improvement. At first sight, the new typography seemed a little too conservative—I had visualized some daring use of Beton Extra Bold and Gillies, but the more one looks at your Bodoni heads and the neat "decks," the more appealing they are.

Conning the News is, without doubt, the greatest innovation in newswriting technique developed yet. It's way over the semi-editorial method of the *Nation* and *New Republic*, and the editors of *Time* could learn something about craftsmanship in the way you boys have handled it—clipped and yet complete, alive and yet anything but goggling.

Art work is number two in cheers and the only thing I can think to say about it is that you've handled the use of serious and satirical in just about the right proportion.

JOURNALIST.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Joseph Freeman's autobiography—Spain, poetry, and the Supreme Court—A new quarterly

A HUNDRED years ago a record of individual experience and the wisdom derived therefrom regularly took the form of the "development" or "apprenticeship" novel, which from *Wilhelm Meister* to *The Way of All Flesh* and its successors was the most dignified type of fiction. Today the apprenticeship-to-life theme, more important and compelling than ever before, appears as undisguised autobiography, its serious intention being indicated by such titles as *The Education of Henry Adams*. Since that work, it may be confidently asserted, no more important book of the kind has appeared than Joseph Freeman's *An American Testament* (Farrar & Rinehart, $3). A comparison is inevitable. To Adams and to Freeman the problem was the development of individuality and its relation to society. But Adams's period, confused and anguished as it appeared to him, we look back upon today as one of placid indifference and easy toleration compared with the turmoil and violence, spiritual and physical, of the years following the World War. And as Adams remains a type of the older America, dying in elegant frustration, Freeman represents the new America, born of a later immigration, seeking release from the old culture of a puritanism become capitalism, and staking everything in the way of a personal career on the outcome of that quest. It is characteristic that Adams turned back for his ideal to the thirteenth century, to the Virgin and Chartres; Freeman found his in the Soviet Union.

Crossing Russia in 1927, Freeman passed within a few miles of the village where he was born, but he did not stop to look for it. He knew that he would not find it. The name perhaps—but all else must have disappeared in the new world of social transformation. At that moment he was surely entitled to echo Sir Thomas Browne and declare his life a miracle of thirty years. It is as the record of the extraordinary social phenomena of those years that his book possesses an immediate and breath-taking interest. He had the journalistic acumen which made him a first-rate observer, and the energy and zest to become a participant in the phases of life which he describes. Social history is rendered in terms of personal experience. A deeper interest lies in the persistent search for unity of personal life and integration with the life of society, which is the theme of the great books of the world.

The ghetto of a Russian village, the ghetto of New York, the public school, Columbia University, journalism in Paris, Greenwich Village, the literary circle of the *Masses*, the labor movement, the Communist Party, a voyage to Batum, Russia in transformation—this summary will give an idea of the material with which Freeman deals. His family, emerging from poverty during the war-time prosperity, achieved a bourgeois standing of suburban comfort and later considerable wealth. Meanwhile, Joseph, the eldest son, had become a radical student at Columbia and, though he later fell for Wilson's rationalization of the war, he was among the disillusioned who sought relief in Paris and Greenwich Village.

The family conflict was not nearly so severe as that between his passion for art and poetry and the insistent drive toward communism. The relation between literature and propaganda and the place of art in a socialist society were subjects of intense discussion among the editors of the *Masses* and its successor, the *Liberator*. Freeman reached a conclusion which he states categorically: "Literature was propaganda in favor of accepted ideas; propaganda was literature in favor of new ideas. All the important books that had ever been written had some message; they were based upon some definite philosophy of life, some distinct conception of good and evil, right and wrong, justice and injustice." The question of a proletarian art and revolutionary criticism was much to the fore. Here doubt was settled by a letter from Floyd Dell, a sentence of which deserves quotation: "Social revolutionary criticism is frankly partisan criticism, but represents the genuine æsthetic response of those who feel themselves to be living in a changing world lighted by the hope of revolutionary improvement." Freeman's personal conflict was sharpened by an impulse toward expression which was independent of idea or language. "Through my blood there beat the rhythm of an old Ukrainian ballad I had heard in childhood, the ritual chants of the synagogue, wordless iambics from Shelley, Shakespeare, and Rupert Brooke." With such a call to poetry, it was a sacrifice to accept a renunciation which was realistically defined by Scott Nearing: "Your mind is Communist, your emotions are bourgeois. Until you bridge that gap you had better stick to prose, preferably news dispatches."

J. A. Cornin

The groups of which Freeman successively found himself a member are brilliantly and understandingly defined, with striking personal sketches of their members: Floyd Dell, Scott Nearing, Max Eastman, John Reed, Roger Baldwin, Mike Gold. The American *vie de bohème* of Greenwich Village, with its cult of Freud and of Isadora Duncan, is recalled in its tawdry romance. The radicals who sought for freedom in life and love found themselves overtaken by the middle class who, in the twenties, "went bohemian on a bigger and better scale." The reviving labor movement, with its steel and coal strikes and the heroic struggle of the textile workers at Passaic, is vivid in Freeman's testament. At only one point the present reviewer feels bound to record disagreement. The defense of civil liberties in the United States during and after the war, and the romantic protest in behalf of political prisoners throughout the world, were and are efforts to appeal to public opinion in this country on the basis of its traditions and social psychology. Freeman is indignant that the state of political liberty in the Soviet Union should be included in a survey of world conditions in this regard; he is pardonably amused at the protest of the American Civil Liberties Union in behalf of the Ku-Klux Klan; but it remains true that in our society such exercise of impartiality is both a matter of principle and of strategy. Granting that free speech is only machinery, and that what is said is the real social value rather than the abstract right to say it, the fact remains that in the United States of the twentieth century, as in France of the eighteenth, the free competition of ideas is a necessary prelude to social change. Matthew Arnold liked to quote Joubert's maxim: "Force until Right is ready." Freeman's own philosophy should suggest the reversal: Rights until Force is ready.

The most important chapters in *An American Testament* are those upon the Soviet Union in which Freeman spent a year in traveling, and where he found the resolution of his problems and the end of his search. Here he shows the same penetration and understanding which mark his view of the American scene. His studies of individuals, especially of two revolutionary types in Greta and Hedda, are acute. A generalization which he makes in regard to the Russian attitude toward justice is enlightening. In a healthy growing polity the individual who is the victim of a judicial error accepts his fate without complaint as an occasional lapse in a system in which he profoundly believes, like the Puritan in the days of Elizabeth who, sentenced to have his right hand chopped off,

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"Have you read any good Albert Payson Terhune books lately?" Adolf Dehn

waved his cap with his left and cried "God save the Queen." In a country in which this faith is shaken we have to fight for the "rights" of Sacco and Vanzetti, of Tom Mooney, who become symbols of injustice, as Nuorteva, falsely condemned and later restored in Russia, is a symbol of justice. The meeting of the Comintern in 1926, notable for the final trial of strength between Trotsky and Stalin, is handled as a fine piece of reporting. The art of Eisenstein with its projection of the drama of the mass instead of the hero, is intelligently reviewed. But the final importance of the Soviet Union in Freeman's testament is its contribution not to social progress but to the education of one man who, by its demonstration, is brought into harmony with that progress, to the point where: *"We* replaced *I,* and to speak of your own life . . . was to speak of the life of mankind in whose development you find your own undivided being." ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Spain in Transition

SEVEN RED SUNDAYS, *by Ramon J. Sender. Liveright.* $2.50.

THIS novel, the author says in his preface, "is not an attempt to describe the social struggle," but only to render the moral atmosphere and intimate drama of a Spanish revolutionary episode. In so far as the one involves the other, the novel does both. Señor Sender has a remarkable capacity to create the mood of his scenes, and to give them the color and contour of actuality. He has a profoundly intuitive understanding of personal idiosyncrasy. His many characters, richly diverse in their peculiarities, are solidly related to their class environment.

But the author is right. His book is not primarily an attempt to describe the social struggle. Although its subject is a revolutionary episode, its theme is the problem of freedom—freedom romantically conceived, not the practical freedom which is the goal of the revolution.

Sender believes (strangely enough!) that an urge to an unrealizable freedom is the basic motivation behind the revolt of the workers. His prefatory assertion that "the Anarcho-Syndicalist phenomena are due to an excess of vitality in individuals and masses" is implicit in the novel and is reformulated by the "Communist" Samar, who asks: "Why do we fight and risk our lives? There must be an impulse, a reason in the vital and elemental logic of our youth. . . . What is it that moves us? The craving for liberty? Liberty as a feeling, not as an idea. And no one can give us this nor can it be found." Nevertheless Sender makes an important reservation: the revolt of the workers can and will achieve a more just social order.

The episode is an Anarcho-Syndicalist insurrection in the Spain of 1932 or '33. Three Anarchist workers are killed by the Civil Guard. There follows a call for a general strike in which Socialists and Communists join, street fighting, sabotage, the cruelties of martial law, and, finally, the inevitable defeat consequent on a failure to organize around a political program. The workers return to their factories and syndicates. Their determination, however, is if anything stronger than before. They are confident that the Seventh Sunday, the day of the revolution, will come.

It is Samar, journalist and a Communist of sorts, who makes explicit the theme and its relation to the mass struggle. He is at once a practical revolutionary and a sentimental theorist. It is he who proposes to the committees a program of action to coordinate the dispersed forces of the insurrection. It is also he who, in a purely romantic vein, reflects on death, the spirit, and the impossibility of "freedom." His contradictions go further. He loves Amparo, the daughter of an army officer, and he hates her because she is bourgeois. He moves from a sentimental devotion to Amparo to an equally sentimental, but opposite, devotion to the mechanical perfection symbolized by a locomotive. These contradictions carry a meaning. Samar, beset as he is by the lure of "freedom," rejects it in favor of the harmonious social integration symbolized (somewhat falsely) by the locomotive, and attainable, he believes, by the masses when they will have learned to subordinate the desire for "freedom" to the necessities of group coöperation and social control. The author's final verdict that "death, metaphysically and actually, is the only possible freedom" corroborates, regretfully perhaps, the desirability of this subordination.

Sender has immersed the revolutionary struggle of the workers in the sickly waters of romanticism, and it looks a little odd through that distorting medium. Still it remains recognizable. And the very blurring of lineaments does capture something of the "truth of living humanity" which was the author's aim. If the characters are not representative of the clearer forces of the revolution, they are peculiarly typical of a Spain in transition. Amparo, trying to accommodate her class morality to the exigencies of her love for Samar, Auntie Isabella praying to her Catholic God with bombs in her apron, the amiable Villacampa doting on violence, Star in her rebirth, all are expressive of a world in the chaos of change. Samar, as a transition figure, is wholly credible. His key position in the novel only proves that the author himself is in transition.

The literary qualities of the novel are not unrelated to this fact. Using something of a surrealist technique, Sender occasionally allows his romanticism to lead him into frivolities and incoherence. These are frankly defects. Yet in its characterizations, its predominant beauty of phrase and craftsmanship, its vivid imagery

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and narrative intensity, *Seven Red Sundays* takes its place as one of the more powerful novels of revolutionary literature.

KATHERINE ELLIS.

Tough, Reasonable, Witty

CALLING WESTERN UNION, *by Genevieve Taggard. Harper & Bros. New York. $2.*

HERE, in my opinion, Genevieve Taggard has taken the longest and most important step in her evolution as a major poet. Let us say it very clearly: there is some great poetry in *Calling Western Union.* The poet has succeeded in integrating the implications of a great theme with the imaginative realization of her own intimate experiences. It is the tragic theme of our era: the conflict in human lives between the ruin and dissolution of the old order, and the vision we cherish of the new. The psychological form of the conflict is the struggle between individualism and the collective ideal; and to present this conflict the poet must himself cast off old romantic illusions about "poetic grandeur"—or he must perish like the poet in one of Taggard's most successful poems:

Then he died
snap like any business man
worry overstrain
burst a blood vessel....

Scoop his grave with the jolly steam shovel.
One scoop will do....

And for the grave-going poet
Take from the darkened room the ghost-haunted glass—
Give him this mark for his grave. Set here for his grave-stone
His perfect companion the mirror.

But this whole theme of social and psychological conflict is a high and difficult one; and only a major poet can present it without imposing upon half-realized material the pattern of half-absorbed slogans.

That is why I say that Taggard has taken an important step. She has always had a high degree of imaginative integrity; one always felt that she reacted to experience with the whole woman. Her shrewd and sensitive imagery, her intimate psychological acuteness, the vein of tough and witty reasonableness that runs through her verse; these qualities revealed a mind, a heart, and a keen pair of eyes, *all* responding to life freshly and sincerely, and integrating the response into new imaginative perceptions. In the past, however, it might have been said that her range was too personal. In this new book there is a change; intellectual and emotional awareness of a larger world illuminates even the slighter poems.

In thirty-eight poems and five prose messages the poet presents a moving record of our time. Take the Preface: "Hawaii, Washington, Vermont." It is simple, colloquial prose, but very vivid; and it makes you *see,* not only the Taggard family, back from Hawaii and

"Ach! Only Gott!"

stranded in an ugly western wheat town, but the long trek of thousands going West and conquering the prairies, but not for the good life. When the first struggle was over they left desolation in the plains: a community of empty souls, their only values a hatred of foreigners and a resentment against the "stuck up." Thus in terms of the poet's own life we see the sorry end of the pioneer impulse: "individualism, the creed of their fathers, had starved them."

With the implications of that story as a frame for the picture, the poems present many aspects of the conflict of today. Interspersed are the four "Note Books," short passages in prose illuminating the poetry with another kind of wisdom. The poems range from little satirical portraits of decay, through simple and moving records of poverty and sorrow, and militant chants of the masses, brave and unbeaten, to songs of the future which somehow clothe with emotional reality our dreams of collective living. Throughout is the undercurrent of emotion explicit in:

Deepest of all, essential to the song
Is common good, grave dogma of the throng.

In such a poem as "On Planting a Lilac in Vermont" there is a homely simplicity that is in the spirit of Frost:

The doorstep that it's by is farmer style.

But it is no New England rugged individualist who says:

Planting for future people with sure hands
Is pleasure of the purest. . . .

The significant thing about these poems, however, is that Genevieve Taggard has wrestled with her own past, and with the burden of today's perceptions of cities and wasted countrysides, of poverty and twisted lives; and that she has *realized* these experiences in genuinely imaginative terms in the light of a new set of social and revolutionary values. This is what I call important revolutionary poetry.

REBECCA PITTS.

Liberal Jurist

BRANDEIS, THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF AN AMERICAN IDEAL, *by Alfred Lief. Stackpole. $3.*

PROBABLY no American of our time has had a more active and varied career than had Louis D. Brandeis before he went on the bench. It was a career which earned him hatred from the established order in Boston and the title "People's Attorney." In his book Mr. Lief takes us through its chief episodes: the fight against the New Haven Railroad's desire to monopolize New England transportation, in which Brandeis showed rare acumen and understanding of figures, predicting in 1907 economic disaster for that repository of the fortunes of widows and orphans; the creation, in protest against the excessive cost and waste of the ordinary poor man's insurance, of savings-bank life insurance in Massachusetts, an achievement Brandeis himself calls his greatest; the struggle against the United Shoe Machinery Co., for many years one of Brandeis's own clients, to prevent it from strangling competition by using its patent rights improperly; the opposition to demands of railroads for rate increases, in which the lawyer showed the roads how they could save a million dollars a day, and not by cutting wages; Mr. Brandeis's constant support of labor's right to organize and his recognition of the need for strong unions, although he opposed, except under special conditions, the closed shop; his devotion to industrial peace, which led him to the establishment of boards of arbitration in the clothing industry in New York; the representation of Glavis in the sensational conservation hearings before a Congressional committee, which resulted in the resignation of Taft's Secretary of the Interior, Ballinger, and gained Taft's hatred; the presentation, before the Supreme Court, in what has been called the Brandeis brief, of sociological facts in cases involving labor laws, which culminated successfully in the four-to-four decision in the first minimum-wage case.

These facts and many more are developed in the first part of Mr. Lief's book. Its most dramatic chapters describe Justice Brandeis's nomination to the Supreme Court. Here the author has recreated the passions and hatreds of the time, writing a tale which moves grandly to its successful climax. Its real heroes, in addition to Mr. Brandeis, who maintained a high aloofness, were President Wilson, who used all his political skill to force confirmation, and George W. Anderson, who piloted the case for the nomination through successive subcommittees of the Senate. Among the many respectables who opposed the nomination, may it be noted, was A. Lawrence Lowell, then president of Harvard. And, although Borah also opposed, he later expressed his regret at having done so.

The latter portion of this book describes Justice Brandeis's participation in the work of the Supreme Court and tries to present his reactions to the trend of events outside;

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—*George Seldes.*

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especially well done is the analysis of the many dissents to which Brandeis has contributed broad learning, great wisdom in economics, moral insight in varied fields. It is more difficult to appraise the discussion of the Justice's reaction to the "great prosperity" and to the New Deal. In so far as the aims of the New Deal are similar to those of Wilson's New Freedom, many of Mr. Brandeis's public utterances of the 1912 campaign are possible guides. But it is not always clear whether Mr. Lief bases his inferences on these or on more recent even though private statements of opinion, or on mere conjecture alone. While there was a time when it was supposed that Justice Brandeis had influence in Rooseveltian councils, this may have been due more to the influence on the President of Brandeis disciples such as Frankfurter, than to direct contact. Mr. Lief speaks of the impact on the Administration of Justice Brandeis's ideas, but leaves ambiguous whether this impact may have been direct.

The book makes it abundantly clear that at no time was Brandeis a radical. Mr. Lief shows that it was always his purpose to conserve the capitalist system, freed, of course, of many abuses. He believed that this could be accomplished by preventing monopoly, by regulating competition, by strengthening labor, by insisting on efficiency, in order that free, but not cut-throat competition might reduce costs and increase profits and wages alike. It seems not to have mattered to Mr. Brandeis, in the years of his fighting, that entrenched greed consistently thwarted his aims. He had faith that the common man could successfully overcome the power of privilege, provided he acquired knowledge and used the government to keep himself free industrially as well as politically. In his struggles he drew comfort from such small but definite successes as the savings-bank life insurance movement. He believed that coöperation between small units would accomplish more in government and industry than an unwieldy aggregation bound together by compulsion. And to his chosen aims he brought a power based on a study and knowledge of facts which made him foremost in a period when there were many great fighters waging the war against privilege. Since he has sat upon the bench, Justice Brandeis has continued in this path, his strength, wisdom, and courage unabated.

Brandeis stands, therefore, as an apostle of an enlightened liberalism, a liberalism anchored to the capitalism of small enterprise and in persistent hostility to finance capitalism. Nowhere in his writings has he attacked the profit motive as such, nowhere shown any sympathy for the Marxian conception of production for use by a community which itself owns the instruments of production. Toward the solution of the problems posed by such a community he has contributed little, except, perhaps, warnings to be observed. Wherefore Mr. Brandeis will have no place in the history of the makers of the coöperative commonwealth. Nevertheless his fame will endure. He has been perhaps the greatest of the prophets of the period of dissolution of the capitalist order, a prophet whose warnings, like those of his great Hebrew ancestors, the rulers of the present order have been too blind to heed.

And so we salute Justice Brandeis on the eve of his eightieth birthday, grateful to Mr. Lief for having made us better acquainted with his life. This reviewer regrets not having been given more intimate glimpses of the man, deeper studies of the reasons underlying some of the actions so well described. Nevertheless this book traces the main path of his life with skill, interest, and force, although sometimes it suffers from rapid writing, abrupt transitions, and confused chronology.

OSMOND K. FRAENKEL.

Order Limited

IDEAS OF ORDER, *by Wallace Stevens. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.*

MR. STEVENS writes: ". . . this book is primarily concerned with ideas of order of a different nature" [*i.e.,* than the political] "as, for example, the dependence of the individual, confronting the elimination of established ideas, on the general sense of order; the idea of order created by individual concepts, as of the poet, in 'The Idea of Order at Key West'; the idea of order arising from the practice of any art, as of poetry in 'Sailing after Lunch.'

"The book is essentially a book of pure poetry. I believe that, in any society, the poet should be the exponent of the imagination of that Society."

Upon the analysis for ideas which Mr. Stevens invites very little can be discovered in his new book except that art, memory, and the construction of one's individual organism are orderly. The ideas are neither clear nor stated with much conviction. On the philosophical level the volume scarcely attains visibility. To offer it as in any way an "exponent of the imagination of society" is arrogant, for Stevens's work is rich in conceits but has little imagination. Mr. Stevens makes the parochial mistake of limiting imagination to the processes of art. But imagination is a process of all creative minds, and the imagination of a Lenin, a Freud, an Einstein, a Stalin, a Wright, an Amundsen is of a Dantesque range which no contemporary poet has approached.

Rappé

It is pleasanter to speak of Mr. Stevens's craftsmanship which is an unending delight and distinguishes him among his contemporaries. He makes frequent reference to music and his poetry comes as close to song, perhaps, as speech can. He has an extraordinary sense of the sound weights of words and his rhythm is an exquisite balancing of these weights; he plays deftly with assonances and internal rhymes and the subtlety of his alliteration makes a good workman in that line, like Swinburne, seem clumsy. But he pays the usual price for over-concern with craftsmanship. With the delighting sound there is rarely comparably delighting sense, and only too often the sound is won at the cost of sense. The following four lines:

> No more phrases Swenson, I was once
> a hunter of these sovereigns of the soul
> and savings banks, Fides the sculptor's prize,
> all eyes and size, and galled Justitia. . . .

Here is a virtuoso's mastery; but to accomplish that feat required a falsification of the conventional sculptural treatment of allegorical figures. Enjoyment of such lines requires that one be not scrupulous in regard to meanings.

But the deeper pleasures of poetry are those excited by significant content, by true representations to the emotions. In this poetry not merely ideas suffer, but emotion; the verse sparkles but has no fire, is iridescent yet colorless. Let us take one of his loveliest lines,

> with many majesties of sound

and compare it with the line from one of Shakespeare's sonnets,

> When to the sessions of sweet silent thought

Both are excellent examples of alliteration and Stevens's even has more finish. But Stevens's line evokes little beyond its own verbal beauty; Shakespeare's, besides its own sonority, is full of the reverberations of a suffering mind, of awakening emotions.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Science and Society

SCIENCE AND SOCIETY, A MARXIAN QUARTERLY, *Vol. I, No. 1.*

THE notorious theoretical backwardness of the English-speaking countries in Marxian studies is a tradition which has died hard. But since the war and especially since the Great Depression, much more attention has been paid to what had been—apart from the work of a few pioneers—a neglected field. It is true that men like Veblen and on a lesser scale, Small of Chicago, who described Marx as having performed the Galilean revolution for sociology, had not been ashamed to admit they had learned from Marx; but they were not isolated and unheard voices, and it has been precisely those sides of Veblen which most directly reflected the in-

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fluence of Marx which have been slurred over by his pupils. Recently, the change has been so great that even in academic circles Marxism is no longer dismissed with a sneer, and is becoming if not respectable at least a power to be reckoned with. Men with reputations in their own field are beginning to recognize the value of the Marxian approach in their researches, and concurrently discovering a sympathetic and responsive audience. These are but a few of the signs that Marxism is more and more becoming part of our intellectual climate.

The reinterpretation of American history and law, where Boudin has done useful work, the application of Marxian economics to the functioning of the American economic system, the merciless exposure of the racketeering and numbskullery which pass for academic social science and psychology, the correct evaluation of the interrelations between the different sciences and between science and society, all these are tasks which have scarcely been begun and for which *Science and Society* is eminently fitted to serve as the dynamo. More, there is a crying need for *popularizing* Marxian scholarship amongst the widest strata of the middle class and the intellectuals. It is high time that men like Professor F. H. Knight and John Maynard Keynes, the leading bourgeois economists in the United States and Great Britain, should not be permitted to make stupid comments on Marx and get away with it. They should be *shamed* out of their ignorance. No longer should the identification of Marxism with the crudest materialism be allowed to pass as the standard academic refutation.

It is pleasing to note that *Science and Society* is not the work of a clique with its own political ax to grind but includes as a matter of editorial policy the work of scholars who, whatever their political coloration, are interested in Marxist studies. There is no canon of orthodoxy to be imposed from above, and it is hoped that discussion and polemic, with non-Marxists participating, will foster the growth of Marxism as a living intellectual movement. The coöperation of such eminent foreign scientists as Professors H. Levy of London, J. D. Bernal of Cambridge, and J. Langevin of Paris, is another welcome feature.

The first number of *Science and Society* lives up to expectations. The main contributions on education, linguistics, philosophy, and mathematics appeal not only to specialists but to all with broad cultural interests. Professor Brameld in "American Education and the Class Struggle" draws the lessons of a controversy between educators in that most progressive of educational journals, *Social Frontier,* which in itself shows the need for the dissemination of the rudiments of Marxism amongst our teachers and betters. The "Social Basis of Linguistics," by Margaret Schlauch, is packed full of the kind of information hardest to get at by non-specialists and, like Professor Struik's "Concerning Mathematics," shows the richness of a materialism which posits mutual interactions between an ideology

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How do electric shavers compare with ordinary safety razors in the closeness of the shave, in freedom from irritation, in the time consumed in shaving, and in other important factors? For a comparison based on actual tests read the report on electric razors in the current (October) issue of *Consumers Union Reports,* monthly publication of Consumers Union of United States. Of three nationally-advertised makes, including Schick and Packard, only one is rated as a "Best Buy"—the others as "Not Acceptable." (*Note—this report is not included in the $1 limited edition.*)

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Will advertised shirts selling at less than $1 wear as well as widely-advertised $2 brands? How do they compare on such points as shrinkage, color-fastness, and ability to withstand laundering? These and similar questions are answered in a report on men's shirts based on wear and laundry tests and on fabrics and construction. *In terms of brand names,* ten brands of shirts are rated as "Best Buys," "Also Acceptable," and "Not Acceptable." Also rated are nine brands of work shirts. Included in these ratings are such brands as Arrow, Van Heusen, CD, Montgomery Ward, Sears Roebuck, and Sweet-Orr.

How to Buy and use Fuel

"Stick to stove coal and avoid trouble . . . buy No. 2 oil, No. 4 is too heavy for your type of burner," say many fuel dealers in response to queries about the most suitable types or grades of fuel. What do heating engineers say? *How to Buy Fuel* in this issue will tell you how to buy anthracite or bituminous coal, coke, or fuel oil —will show you how, by careful selection of coal and by skillful firing, you may be able to cut your fuel bill 20 percent to 25 percent.

. . Gins, Brandies, Cordials

The second of three reports on liquors—the first of which dealt with whiskies, the third of which will deal with wines—this report rates 43 brands of gins, brandies, rums and cordials. Among these brands are Gordon's, Hildick's, Hennessy's, Gilbey's, Milshire, Fleischmann's, Anchor, Martell's, Laird's, Old Mill, Charley's, and Rum Carioca.

Tooth Pastes and Powders

Based on chemical and physical analyses and on investigations by *unbiased* authorities, a report in this issue tells which dentrifices are safe; which are injurious; whether powders or pastes are better and what scientific bases there are for the claims made by dentrifice manufacturers. Fifty brands of dentrifices, including such widely-exploited brands as Pepsodent, Squibb's, Forhan's, Iodent, Ipana, Colgate and Dr. Lyon's, are rated.

ALSO RATED IN THIS ISSUE—on the basis of tests by *unbiased* specialists—are many brands of men's socks, canned peas and apricots and other products. The labor conditions under which many of these products are made are also described.

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The November issue of *Consumers Union Reports* will report on radios, vacuum cleaners, wines and fountain pens and will rate as "Best Buys," "Also Acceptable," and "Not Acceptable" leading brands of these and other products. Later issues will report on widely-advertised brands of canned foods, cosmetics, drugs, razor blades, and other products.

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There are short contributions on the French intellectuals and the People's Front, the *gleichschaltung* of a German psychologist, on Comte, the Southern Agrarians, and William James, all of very high standing. In future numbers there will be essays in history, economics, physics, biology, literature, and sociology, as well as a comprehensive book-review section. There is no reason why *Science and Society,* with its policy of appealing to as broad a public as possible without diluting its standards, should not obtain wide circulation and fulfill its task of spreading the fruitful methods of Marxism. JOHN DARRELL.

★

Also Published This Week

(A listing of important new books not necessarily recommended.)

Lincoln Steffens Speaking. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. A collection of Steffens's essays, sketches, etc.

A World I Never Made, by James T. Farrell. Vanguard. $2.50. Novel.

More Poems, by A. E. Housman. Knopf. $2.

Absalom, Absalom! by William Faulkner. Random House. $2.50. Novel.

Courthouse Square, by Hamilton Basso. Scribner's. $2.50. Novel.

The Right to Heresy: Castellio against Calvin, by Stefan Zweig. Viking. $3. Biography.

Seven Years' Harvest, by Henry Seidel Canby. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50. Notes on contemporary literature.

Schooldays with Kipling, by G. C. Beresford (M'Turk). Putnam. $3. Biographical.

Recently Recommended

Spain in Revolt, by Harry Gannes and Theodore Repard. Knopf. $2.

World Politics, 1918-1936, by R. Palme Dutt. Regular Edition, Random House. $2.50. Popular Edition, International. $2.

Man Answers Death. An anthology of poetry edited by Corliss Lamont. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York. $3.

Moscow Skies, by Maurice Hindus. Random House. $2.75.

The Brothers Ashkenazi, by I. J. Singer. Translated by Maurice Samuel. Knopf. $3.

The Trouble I've Seen, by Martha Gellhorn. Morrow. $2.50.

We Have Been Warned, by Naomi Mitchison. Vanguard. $2.75.

Green Margins, by E. P. O'Donnell. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

Three Score, by Sarah N. Cleghorn. Random House. $3. Autobiography.

Rubber: A Story of Glory and Greed, by Howard and Ralph Wolf. Covici, Friede. $4.25.

Seventy Years of It: An Autobiography, by Edward Alsworth Ross. Appleton-Century. $3.

Was College Worth While? by John R. Tunis. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

Now That April's Here, by Morley Callaghan. Random House. $2. Short stories.

The Bells of Basel, by Louis Aragon. Translated from the French by Haakon M. Chevalier. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. Revolutionary novel.

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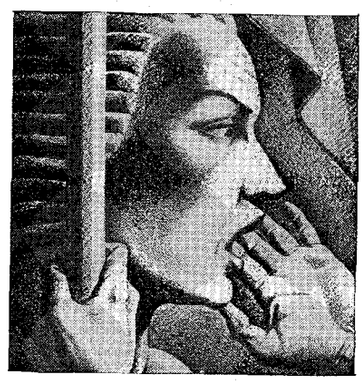

FOR YOUR WALL

Rockwell Kent has given us permission to offer his *Wake Up!* (above), which was our Sept. 15 cover, as a subscription premium for a limited period. 9½" x 9¾", printed on fine all-rag paper suitable for framing. Subscribe while the supply lasts.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Greeks bearing gifts?—Children in the movies—That play Tovarich—Living art

NOBODY can say that Hollywood is not at least as alive to the march of events as the White House or the NEW MASSES. The latest evidence of this awareness is a movie based on the coöperative movement, which of late has been under scrutiny in Sweden and elsewhere by various New Deal emissaries and which came in for critical comment in an article in this magazine about a month ago. In that article it was suggested that unless a more solid alliance was established betwen organized labor and the coöperative movement, there existed a danger that finance capital might seize the opportunity to pervert the coöperatives into a mass base for its own unpleasant purposes. We do not relish looking a gift horse in the mouth, but when Hollywood undertakes to broadcast favorable propaganda for the coöperatives, it is time for all good men to pay keen and critical attention. *The President's Mystery* (Republic Pictures) is cleverly offered as having been based on the story in *Liberty* last year which was written by Rupert Hughes, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Anthony Abbott, Rita Weiman, S. S. Van Dine, and John Erskine, around an idea supplied by F.D.R. In the movie, the gentleman with the $5,000,000 cash-convertible estate undertakes to spend his money rehabilitating a New England town by erecting a canning coöperative. Through this fabric runs the lively, melodramatic tale of how the gentleman in question manages to erase his identity and start life anew from scratch.

Child actors have unnecessarily been for a long time a thorn in the flesh of moviegoers who like their fare to have at least some faint resemblance to the facts of life. Perhaps this disaffection has grown to the proportions of effective mass protest of late, because we are beginning to see some films in which children get half a chance to behave as they really do. The recent *Girl of the Ozarks* did some satisfactory pioneering in that direction, and now *The Devil Is a Sissy* (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) gives a tribe of scholboys an opportunity to show in realistic terms the terrific dramatic tension that arises day by day through such events as the accidental fracturing of school windows, snatching of fruit from the green-grocer, and the more serious consequences of stealing money for serious ends. The filmic moralizing that surrounds these departures from the alleged cultural norm is superficial, but the goings-on among the kids is handled by them and the director in a fairly genuine way.

Julie Haydon, who did such an appealing and skilled piece of work in Hecht and MacArthur's *The Scoundrel,* seems to be getting kicked around the M.-G.-M. lot in a way she doesn't deserve. You can see her now as a shop girl in a current melodrama, *The Longest Night,* which is all about how her sweetheart is accused of murdering a lady buyer who is his mother, and how the store is, and then again is not, to be sold by Robert Young.

ROBERT WHITE.

THE THEATER

REVIEWING a play like *Tovarich* for a Marxist magazine is a bit of a headache. In its own terms the play is so arrant a romance that it might seem captious to complain seriously of its two or three nasty and historically unjustified cracks at Communists and the Soviet Union. It might seem like complaining that a book like *Graustark* was an untrue picture of imperialist intrigue in the Balkans. And especially the complaint might seem stupid in view of the play's cracks at White Russians and in view of its brief, yet deft and telling argument for trade-unionism. Yet the cracks against Communists and the Soviet Union must be complained of, because first, they are put into the mouths of characters who are supposed to be speaking seriously from their own experience, and second, because they repeat canards that are being widely used at the present time in the rising tide of anti-Soviet propaganda.

But please don't get the idea that *Tovarich* has been conceived and offered as anti-Soviet propaganda. It is really a very pleasant comedy about some émigrés in Paris and how the four-billion-franc fund entrusted to them by the last czar is at last turned over to the Soviet government. They are imperial highnesses or majesties or something, and they go into service with the family of a French banker where they eventually find themselves called upon to serve a Soviet commissar with whom they have had dealings before. The story is not very important, and there is a quantity of about-facing on the part of the Whites and the Red that assumes a logic only in terms of what we have been taught to believe is the romantic French point of view. Jacques Deval, who wrote *Her Cardboard Lover,* did the French text from which Robert Sherwood has written this English version. Whatever else may be said, it is interesting to see how the Soviet commissar stands out as the only character of the play to have a dynamic historical meaning extending beyond the bounds of the dramatic action. And this wasn't the author's intention; it just couldn't be helped.

If you see the play, you'll enjoy it except for the few minutes when slanders are coming across the footlights. The acting company includes the very talented Marta Abba, an Italian actress who appears in an American theater for the first time, and other such capable performers as John Halliday, Ernest Lawford, Jay Fassett, and Margaret Dale. Gilbert Miller's direction and Raymond Sovey's sets are eminently suited to the occasion.

A. W. T.

A. Walkowitz

THE FINE ARTS

BECAUSE for decades the American worker was deprived of access to works of art in any form it is peculiarly true today that every work of art produced in this country in a sense is revolutionary. The groping for artistic expression is a primitive stirring of forces which, as they grow more sophisticated, can become the basis of deliberate social protest. Only in recent years have the American people adopted the movies, the radio, the phonograph record. And these have, for the most part, been successively perverted so that they failed to satisfy the needs of the audience.

The simultaneous opening this week of 250 exhibitions sponsored by Living American Art, Inc., of New York, in 225 cities in 46 states indicates beyond cavil that art on a mass base is here. An estimated attendance of 500,000 peoplé in the run of these shows warms the heart of the painter who has become accustomed to shows inspected by a few hundred. The painter's best work has always been literally stifled in collections. Would it be crediting the Pittsburgh steelmasters with too much caginess to suggest that their private collections were frequently inspired by dread that vigorous works might fall into brawny

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arms? Siqueiros has observed that Mexico resorted to the mural as a primitive device to expose paintings to large numbers of people. The collotype process with its incontestable fidelity of line and tone is a readier solution for an industrialized country. Moreover, reproduction on a large scale permits the painting to enter the home where its cultural effect can be exercised at a maximum. The potency of the artist's weapon, multiplied in vast number, is impossible to exaggerate. True, Maxfield Parrish has been run off on calendars in astronomical millions. But the square root of a zero dream infinitely multiplied still produces zero.

To the painter, Living American Art opens vistas of a decent living from an unexpected quarter. Royalties will be paid to the artists themselves, regardless of the current ownership of the originals. Such royalty rights have no established legal recognition at this time and it has been customary to ignore the painter's moral right to a return from sale of reproductions of his work. Roughly, this project may be expected to do with painting what the phonograph record did with music. It must reach untouched social strata where the hunger for works by native sympathetic artists is part of a general hunger for understanding. It paves the road for a great period in American pianting. One of the most astounding facts in the current political campaign is the failure of Landon to jibe at W.P.A. support of artists: less than thirty years ago an administration that thought artists needed to live would have been laughed out of office. SIDNEY KAUFMAN.

★

The Radio

(Times given are Eastern Standard, but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups. Readers are asked to report at once any anti-working-class bias expressed by these artists or their sponsors.)

FORTHCOMING BROADCASTS

Earl Browder, Fri., Oct. 23, 10:45 p.m., N.B.C. red.

Stephen Vincent Benét. "American Poetry," Fri., Oct. 23. 11 a.m., Columbia.

Irvin S. Cobb, Sat., Oct. 24, 10:30 p.m., N.B.C. red.

Julian Sawyer, Communist Party candidate for lieutenant-governor of New York. Mon.. Oct. 26, N.B.C. blue.

Parent-Teachers' Association (National Congress). "Prenatal Growth," Wed., Oct. 28, 4 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

National Education Association. Dr. Belmont Farley on "Equal Educational Opportunities for Every Child." Wed., Oct. 28, 6 p.m., N.B.C. red.

"Mother" Bloor. Fri., Oct. 30, 11 p.m., N.B.C. red.

Theater Collective. Continuing the series of weekly programs sponsored by the International Workers Order, supplemented by the I.W.O. symphony and mandolin orchestras. Thursday, Oct. 22, WMCA. N.Y., 9:45 p.m.; Thursdays, Oct. 22, 29, WCFL, Chicago, 8:30 p.m.; Thursday, Oct. 22, WIP, Philadelphia, 9:30 p.m., KQV, Pittsburgh, 9:15 p.m.; Friday, Oct. 23, WJBK, Detroit, 9 p.m.; WHK, Cleveland, 10:30 p.m.

FOOTBALL

St. Mary's-Fordham. Sat., Oct. 24, 2:15 p.m., Columbia and N.B.C. red.

Yale-Rutgers, Sat., Oct. 24, 1:45 p.m., Mutual.

REGULAR FEATURES

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Fred Astaire and Johnny Green's Orchestra. Tuesdays at 9:30 p.m., N.B.C. red.
André Kostelanetz's Orchestra. Wednesdays at 9 p.m. and Fridays at 8:30 p.m. Columbia.
Rudy Vallée's Varieties. Thursdays at 8 p.m., N.B.C. blue.
Eddie Cantor and others. Sundays at 8:30 p.m., Columbia. Rebroadcast to West Coast, 11 p.m.
Burns and Allen. Wednesdays at 8:30 p.m., Columbia, p.m.
Willie and Eugene Howard. Wednesdays at 8:30 p.m., N.B.C. blue.
Stoopnagle and Budd. Wednesdays at 9 p.m., N.B.C. red.
Raymond Gram Swing, commenting on international affairs. Fridays at 9 p.m., Mutual.
The March of Time. Thursdays, 10:30 p.m., Columbia.

Phonograph Recordings

POPULAR

Benny Goodman Quartet. The trio, assisted by Vibraphonist Lionel Hampton, do a fine job on "Exactly Like You" (Victor 25406).
Benny Goodman's Orchestra plays Fletcher Henderson's arrangement of "St. Louis Blues" on Victor 25407.
Red Norvo's Orchestra. Jimmy Johnson's "A Porter's Love Song" well done with help from Mildred Bailey and backed up by "I Know That You Know" (Brunswick 7744).
Casey Bill Weldon. Two good blues numbers, "I'se Just a Bad Luck Man" and "Casey's Blues" are offered on Bluebird 6519.
Teddy Wilson and what sounds like Benny Goodman and part of his band, perform acceptably on Brunswick 7739, which is a coupling of "You Came to My Rescue" and "Here's Love in Your Eyes."

CLASSICAL

Beethoven. The Seventh Symphony in a superb new recording by Toscanini and the Philharmonic (Victor Masterpiece Album 317).
Mozart. The E-flat major piano concerto rather disappointingly played under the direction of John Barbirolli, the Philharmonic's new maestro. Edwin Fischer at the keyboard (Victor Masterpiece Album 316).
Enesco. Yehudi Menuhin and his sister Hephzibah give a fine performance of the new A-minor sonata (Victor Masterpiece Album 318).
Handel. The *Te Deum,* coupled with *Chio Mai Vi Possa Lasciar d'amare,* capably sung by Marian Anderson (Victor 1767).

The Screen

WORTH SEEING

The Gay Desperado. Mamoulian directs some enjoyable if synthetic gayety.
Valiant Is the Word for Carrie. Gladys George in a more-or-less credible and well-acted story of a prostitute.
Greater Promise (Cameo, N.Y.). A new Amkino picture on life in Birobidjan, the Jewish autonomous region in the U.S.S.R.
Millions of Us, a fine labor short on the bill at the Cameo in N.Y. Watch for it in your locality.
My Man Godfrey. William Powell and Carole Lombard in a smooth, funny picture.
Dodsworth. Sinclair Lewis's story pretty well done.
La Kermesse Héroique (Filmarte, 202 W. 58, N.Y.). This film won the Grand Prix du Cinema in France and plenty of applause here.
Romeo and Juliet. Shakespeare again turns out to be a great playwright.
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Stage Struck. A dullish backstage musical comedy to which the Yacht Club Boys contribute one bright and loony moment.

Give Me Your Heart. A tear-jerker about an American girl and her illegitimate child by an English nobleman, with a phony psychiatric angle.

The Theater

THUMBS UP

Boy Meets Girl (Cort, N. Y.). Sam and Bella Spewack write about the Hollywood cuckoos.

Dead End (Belasco, N. Y.). New York's slum kids realistically treated by Sidney Kingsley.

Gilbert & Sullivan (Martin Beck. N. Y.). The Rupert D'Oyly Carte company in superlative production of the Savoy operettas. *Ruddigore,* which will continue through Saturday, Oct. 24, will be followed by a week's run of *The Pirates of Penzance.*

Hamlet (Empire, N. Y.). Guthrie McClintic's production with John Gielgud as Hamlet, Lillian Gish as Ophelia, Judith Anderson as the queen, and Arthur Byron as Polonius.

Horse Eats Hat (Maxine Elliott, N. Y.). The Federal Theater Project adapts the French farce you may have seen as the René Clair film *The Horse Ate the Hat.* Hair-raising hilarity.

Idiot's Delight (Shubert, N. Y.). Robert Sherwood's anti-war comedy, with Lunt and Fontanne.

Injunction Granted! (Biltmore, N. Y.). The Living Newspaper W.P.A. project in an episodic history of American labor struggles.

On Your Toes (Imperial, N. Y.). Rodgers and Hart songs, plus Ray Bolger and Tamara Geva.

The Path of Flowers (Daly's N. Y.). Valentine Katayev's Soviet social satire in an amusing production by the W.P.A. Experimental Theater.

Tovarich (Plymouth, N. Y.). Slightly slanderous but very entertaining comedy with a swell cast, including a newcomer, Marta Abba.

200,000 (Artef, N. Y.). A lively and skillful production of Sholom Aleichem's play.

FAIR AND COOLER

White Horse Inn (Center Theater, N. Y.). Erik Charell's musical spectacle come to America at last, with William Gaxton and Kitty Carlisle.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

TO EVERYONE INTERESTED IN MODERN ART

A new method of supporting the best American artists and making their paintings available at a low price to all art-lovers

ARTISTS REPRESENTED IN THIS EXHIBITION

PEGGY BACON
AARON BOHROD
LOUIS BOUCHÉ
GUY PÈNE DU BOIS
WM. J. GLACKENS
WILLIAM GROPPER
GEORGE GROSZ
YASUO KUNIYOSHI

THE SENATE . . . WILLIAM GROPPER

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ARTISTS REPRESENTED IN THIS EXHIBITION *—continued*

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REGINALD MARSH
JOHN SLOAN
RAPHAEL SOYER

THE JURY

LOUIS BOUCHÉ
ALEXANDER BROOK
ADOLF DEHN
HUGHES MEARNS

THIS WEEK there opens simultaneously in over two hundred and fifty places throughout the country — in museums, colleges, art centers, private schools, libraries and other institutions — the first public exhibit sponsored by Living American Art.

These nationwide exhibits mark the inauguration of an enterprise, which holds the most fascinating possibilities in the practical encouragement of American Art.

What Living American Art Is

Living American Art is an organization designed to carry out two purposes: First, to provide a means by which adequate and continuous economic support may be supplied to artists through the sale of reproductions of their work. Second, to give an opportunity to art-lovers, no matter how modest their means, to see and become thoroughly familiar with the most significant painting being done by American artists today; and more than this, if they please—to live in their own homes with those which appeal most deeply to them; to own them in large-sized reproductions *indistinguishable in color and line from the original.*

How This Plan Is Carried Out

Almost every American artist so far approached (and when the plan proves its practicability it is confidently believed there will not be a single exception) during the past year has been submitting his best work to a small jury of distinguished artists and art critics, assisted by an Advisory Board of museum directors, educators and others.

The jury, every three months, will select twelve paintings from those which have been submitted. The original paintings are sent abroad, to Vienna, to a small plant where color-collotype reproduction processes, under Max Jaffe, have now been perfected to a degree not comparable anywhere else in the world. The paintings are reproduced in facsimiles 18 x 22 inches in size. The work is done with the most extreme care; for instance, with the first twelve paintings now exhibited, work has been going forward in Vienna for the past eight months.

The complete set of each twelve pictures are to be exhibited simultaneously in museums, art centers, colleges, schools, libraries and other institutions throughout the country. There will be four such exhibitions throughout the year. Thus, continuously and nationally, all those who are interested in modern art will be able to view and to become familiar with the choicest work being done by American artists.

Five Dollars For Each Picture

More important than this, when they so please they will henceforth be able *to own* the best examples of modern American art—to enjoy their favored pictures in their own homes. Unframed, the pictures will be sold for $5.00 each.

This fine reproduction of modern paintings means that now it will be possible for every sensitive art-lover to acquire his own collection of the choicest American paintings. In no respect, other than that of monetary value, need his collection be inferior to that of the wealthiest collector of the best American paintings.

Originals, naturally, will continue to have that monetary value which derives from rarity. But no greater æsthetic values. For these color-collotype reproductions are absolutely faithful in color and line to the original.

Only 1000 Of Each At Present Available

Only one thousand copies of each painting have been ordered and are now available. This is especially mentioned with those in mind who may wish to acquire at once one of these paintings for his own home or for use as a Christmas gift, forehanded as that may now seem.

Incidentally, aside from the inherent value of the pictures, there is little question that an additional "collectors' value" will accrue to those at present being exhibited, like that of the first edition of a rare book,—since this is the first presentation sponsored by Living American Art.

EXHIBITIONS BEING HELD OCTOBER 19TH TO 31ST

—At places below from 10 A. M. to 6 P. M. (unless otherwise indicated)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
324 University Hall
116th Bet. B'way and Amsterdam
New York, N. Y.

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NEW YORK SCHOOL OF INTERIOR DECORATION
515 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
From 12 A. M. to 6 P. M.

ROCKEFELLER CENTER
Room No. 221
International Bldg., New York, N. Y.
Also open Evenings

•

LIVING AMERICAN ART, INC.
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Write us for nearest local exhibit

BROOKLYN MUSEUM
Eastern Parkway, B'klyn, N. Y.

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PACKER COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE
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NEWARK PUBLIC LIBRARY
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